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WILL WATCH.

VOL. II.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

WORTLEY MONTAGU;

OR,

THE CONFESSED WANDERINGS

OF

A MERRY PHILOSOPHER.

"I write a careless kind of civil, nonsensical, good humoured, Shandean Book, which will do your hearts good.—And your heads too, provided you understand it."—STERNE.

"Why, in the name of the devout stocking of Saint Ursula! what have we here?—An it be not your English harricôt, your Scotch hodge-podge, your Irish stew, your Dutch lobschschowsh, your Spaniard's olla podrida,—your true cosmopolite's omnium-gatherum, blended at once—a little of every thing!"—VANDERBRUGGIUS.

WILL WATCH.

FROM THE

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A BRITISH OFFICER.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF CAVENDISH,

ETC. ETC.

"Ahi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura!"
PETRARCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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WILL WATCH.

CHAPTER I.

"If ever there beat an honest heart in a human bosom," said I, "there goes one!" as Joe Royal turned sorrowfully away, and my boat slowly departed from the land. After the many proofs of kindness I had received at the "Folly," I felt as if once more leaving home to fling myself upon the world. Youth, however, is the happy time for sorrow; when the light spirit buoys itself upon a sea of troubles, with more ease than, in after years, it can muster for the support of the most trivial annoyances.

It was on the evening of the thirteenth of May, that I once more arrived on board my ship, with the expectation that we were to sail on the fol-

lowing day. In this, however, I was disappointed, for, as we only unmoored and lay at single anchor, it was but prolonging the disagreeable feelings of parting, to linger in suspense so near those friends from whom I had separated at least for some time, and perhaps, I thought, for ever.

The pipe of all hands up anchor on the ensuing day was one, therefore, of great joy; and as with a fair wind, we held our course nearly a-beam of the commander-in-chief's three-decker, the Victory, thoughts of conquest and ambition absorbed my youthful fancy, and seemed to promise the speedy realization of those dazzling dreams, with which my childhood had so often been delighted: dreams, indeed! whose falsehood made them not less dear.

The squadron which now quitted Spithead, and of which the Briton formed a part, was the last of four divisions, which had successively sailed from Portsmouth, to form, as was reported, the Mediterranean fleet. The first squadron, which was under Admiral Gell, had sailed in the preceding month, the second started soon afterwards under

Admiral Cosby, the third departed just before us under Admiral Hotham, and Lord Hood, with the main force, now brought up the rear.

Besides the Victory, our squadron was composed of six line-of-battle ships, five or six frigates, together with sloops, fire and hospital ships. The grandeur of the scene, then so new to me, and the feelings it excited, soon effaced the last lingerings for home; and, with a heart elate, I beheld the sheen of the Isle of Wight gradually sink into the blue distance, and the boundless horizon appear, like an old friend, far away to the left. As the day drew on, the wind increased, and at about eight o'clock it had gradually veered round to S.W. by W., with thick, hazy weather, which rendered our passage down channel nothing near so pleasant, and brought on certain nameless feelings. These were also old friends, and, certes, most unpleasant ones.

Finding that I was to be thus persecuted, I took refuge in the warm forgetfulness of my hammock, congratulating myself that I had not to keep the first watch. By a strange, though

not a rare coincidence, my mind wandered back to the hateful days spent on board the slaver, and I was in my sleep once more writhing under the dreadful tyranny I there suffered, when suddenly the scene changed:—I seemed to hear the shouting and hallooing of the man-of-war's men, as on the morning of that sad catastrophe: the wild cries of "starboard," "port," were again ringing in my ears,—suddenly the same horrible concussion seemed to throw me on the deck. In a few seconds I awoke, to find that it was in truth something more than a dream. I was indeed lying on the deck, and in such agony from the blow I had received, that I could neither speak nor move. As soon as I regained the use of my limbs I jumped up, and, notwithstanding the motion of the ship, hastened to dress, in order that I might repair on deck; to which it seemed, by the noise, that every one was making a universal rush; and this amid cries and oaths that brought the hideous subject of my vision more powerfully than ever to my recollection.

While thus engaged, with the haste of extreme

terror, a mid, who slept in the hammock next to mine, half poked his nose from among the blankets, as he turned himself snugly about,—"Is that you, Arran?—What the plague 's the rout now?—Are you going upon deck?"

"On deck! good Heavens! yes; I fear we 're going down."

"Oh, going down be bothered! What of that? You 're a greenhorn, youngster, or you wouldn't be bobbing your head upon deck every time the old barky happens to be caught a-midships by one of the squadron." The last words came out well harmonized with a gentle snore, which showed how much the sleeper cared for what came next. This, however, was his concern alone, and in a few minutes I gained the deck.

The midshipman was, nevertheless, right in his conjecture; we had been run aboard upon the bow, by the ship next to windward, and which, entangled with our anchor, was still crashing alongside when I came up. The confusion was, as might be expected, sufficiently perplexing, but only, however, of brief duration, since we managed

in a few minutes to get clear once more, though at the expense of our larboard cathead, and, what was still worse, the springing of our bowsprit; as well as a more trifling evil—the demolition of our figure-head. The carpenter had scarcely reported this, and we were still in the midst of wearing, when, in passing the Victory's weather quarter, we were hailed with "What ship is that?"

"His Majesty's ship the Briton," replied the captain.

"Are you much hurt, Burgos?"

"Yes, Sir, bowsprit badly sprung—cathead carried away."

"Can you fish your bowsprit securely?"

"Hardly, I 'm afraid."

A brief pause ensued; and before we got fairly out of hearing, we could just distinguish the words —"You 've Admiral's leave—bear up—refit—all speed—rendezvous at Gibraltar."

"Pleasant—pleasant—plaguily pleasant!" grumbled Captain Burgos. "What do fellows do in a fleet who don't know how to steer? pack of lubberly bears—that is, when I say bears mean

nothing of the sort. Dare say the captain of that first-rate privateer, whoever she might have been, smart a fellow as ever lived, but still they must be confounded set of fools, d' ye comprehend. Mr. Clueline !—where 's the first lieutenant ? "

" Forward, Sir."

" Tell him to look to that bowsprit, and get a temporary fish on it; and tell him to take the fore-top sail off her, and haul on board the main tack. Plague enough to be run down, without having to lose a night's rest into the bargain! Where 's the master ?—I want him." And the skipper, who occasionally could take it as coolly as any man I ever knew, moved towards his cabin.

At this juncture, however, the surgeon came up hurriedly from below, and whispered to his superior in a low, serious tone, " I fear, Sir, that Walters is dying."

" Dying—dying—Walters! why, what d' ye mean ? "

" Why, that Walters, Sir, who happened to be in the head when we were run aboard a few se-

conds since, is so dreadfully crushed that he cannot live an hour."

"Is it possible?—Never knew he was hurt! Where is he? Dying, dying, Doctor?—can't let him die!—Walters, my coxswain!—where is he?—can't let him die—that is, when I say die, he may die and be—hanged, stupid fellow! But still I can't afford to lose my coxswain, d' ye comprehend?" And the captain hastened below to the cockpit with feelings of true kindness, notwithstanding his inconsistent mode of expressing himself.

The coxswain, poor fellow! was, however, under orders which not even a post captain could supersede, and, as the surgeon had predicted, within the sixty minutes was no more.

Perhaps the only act of kindness which he could have appreciated, was that which he received—a visit from his captain; the friendly clasp of whose hand he might have felt, though unable to return it. Understanding what would be uppermost in the seaman's mind, Burgos, who was much affected, promised to look after any

friends he might leave behind. The sunshine of a smile struggled through the suffering expression of the poor fellow's countenance at this assurance, and, after making a motion for something which we could not comprehend, the captain sent for one of his messmates, thinking that the sailor might more readily understand his companion, especially as he was what they term his chief "croney."

The seaman, who was lingering near his dying friend, stepped forward from one side of the cockpit, where he had been looking on unseen, and with all the rough, but genuine distress of a brother tar, set himself to find out what was wanted. The back and spinal column of the poor coxswain had been so injured, that the muscles of his eyelids seemed alone under his command; and these he was told to close when we hit on what he desired. His messmate accordingly puzzled and puzzled, first on one subject and then on another, but chiefly touching his family and friends, for whose welfare the captain already stood pledged, but still the

conscious and dying man gazed fixedly upon friends only anxious to gratify the slightest wish they could interpret.

"Well, your honour," muttered his messmate, rising from his knees, and rubbing his own eyes, "hang me, if I know what Bob's fishing for, sept it might be one thing, and that it can't be, seeing the doctor's given him something of that sort already."

"And what—what—what's that?" demanded Captain Burgos.

"Why, a glass o' grog, your honour."

"And that it is!" said I, observing the dying sailor's looks brighten into something like joy as he gave the appointed signal, to show that we had hit upon his last desire.

"Then that—that—that he shall have—that he shall have," said Burgos. "Tell my steward to mix a glass of half and half directly."

The beloved beverage was brought, and the surgeon, with a funnel, allowed it to trickle down the seaman's throat, as he observed—"The love

of rum in these poor men—the love of rum—astonishing! A minute since he had as much brandy as he could wish."

The captain heeded not the remark, his glance was fixed on that of his expiring coxswain, now fast drooping beneath the chilling hand of death. A slight gurgle was heard in the sufferer's throat, as the last portion of the drink was being poured down—the surgeon paused—and in another instant, the last faint spark of animation had expired!

On the ensuing morning, it being my watch, I breakfasted in the cabin, and soon found the death of Walters had made a great impression. He had, it seemed, been with the captain in three successive ships, and besides the tie thus created and now broken, the good skipper was rather puzzled as to whom he should elect into the vacant office, which from its nature frequently becomes one of no slight trust.

"If I could only get such a fellow as Fluke's Joe Royal, Arran, I should do, eh?—a useful,

handy sort of factotum,—not such a man in the ship, though."

On hearing this, I mentioned the half-restrained wish that old Joe had manifested to take a final ramble, and Captain Burgos, instantly catching at the idea, insisted on my posting out to the "Folly," as soon as the ship came to an anchor, which was expected in another hour—make the offer to honest Joe, and entreat the old admiral's leave to allow of his complying with it.

Though I thought there was but little chance of success in the last part of my mission, I did not make any decided objection to such a step, but contented myself with warning my superior of my probable failure; determined at all events to embrace this opportunity of getting out to the "Folly." In truth, under all circumstances, this was an event for which I had hardly dared to hope. Judge, then, of my surprise, when, on my arrival at the admiral's, I found the negociation prepared, as it were, all ready to my hand.

Whether the admiral had taken offence at Joe's

wish to roam, and wanted to punish him with the heaviest affliction of a poor mortal—the attainment of his desires, or whether his mind was as susceptible of change as the royal corporal's, I know not; but, on my proposing the affair, after the first burst of surprise at my appearance, the admiral made scarcely any objection, and Joe embraced my offer with eagerness; having however engaged, before he embarked, that he should be free to gain his discharge whenever he thought fit.

In consideration of my character as ambassador on this high occasion, I was allowed to sleep twice at the "Folly," and, on again taking leave of the admiral, now left solely under the charge of Dickson, I once more received, for the hundredth time, the most unbounded assurances of regard, with many injunctions to prepare, strengthen, and gird myself up, for the undertaking of the all-important memoirs.

"The memoirs, boy, d'ye mark me? The memoirs—leave ye all my papers! Egad! they'll be the very fortune—the very making of ye!

Learn to be a sailor, Charlie, as fast as ever ye can, and I 'll take care of your promotion, never trouble your head about that;—but think, man, what a stand my papers will enable ye to take, when old Phil Fluke is dead and gone!—Oh, it's fine!—Egad, boy, the very making of ye!"

Sincerely wishing to myself that the veteran might live till I voluntarily undertook the weighty task thus offered, I hastened Royal's steps. The last named worthy, in requital of the admiral's good advice to me, strictly enjoined Dickson to take great care of the admiral, and among other things, in a tone of voice sufficiently audible, particularly desired that he "mightn't be let go rambling out late o' nights after the girls, 'cause the grass was damp, and a shot from the rheumatics 'twixt wind and water wasn't so easy to be plugged now as it might a' been once on a time."

This allusion to some by-gone peccadillo in which Joe had caught his master, called forth a string of good-natured objurgations, and an order to "Begone, you wretched lobster-specied animal!

—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl!—d'ye hear?—Make sail with ye, you walking ramrod and animated stick of pipe-clay! If Mr. Charles can make your saucy tongue a civil one, Mr. Jackanapes, it's more than ever I could do."

"Ay, ay, like enough, admiral.—Well, good b'ye, your excellency, there 's no saying, you know, what good I mayn't come to, when a poor fellow like me hasn't the force o' bad example, as ye may say, to fight against; and your excellency will keep an eye on my little freehold down there in Devon; for though Sir John and I do own the whole of Dock, yet I like that every thing should go fair and square and independent, as ye call it."

"Ay, ay, Master Rattlepate! and Charlie! if ye break that fellow's head once or twice a-day, ye'll do well!"

"The admiral thinks, maybe, Sir, that you'd find as much there, as belike you'll discover in his excellency's *papers!*" and Joe giving me the queerest look, moved rapidly out of the way of the good old veteran, who shook his cane in the direction of the offender's retreating steps. Then

holding out his hand to me, "Don't let the faithful fellow come to harm; he's served us well, and now once more, God bless and keep ye, boy—and if—if—if we shouldn't meet—why, well, well,—you understand me—I know ye'll think now and then of an old friend—give up all for the service, d'ye mark me? and Charles, my boy! ye'll not forget the papers."

The next morning found us once more on our way down channel, under full sail, and making the utmost speed to fall in with the commander-in-chief. All our wishes were, however, for sometime destined to be ineffectual. The breeze which had carried us clear of the channel, entirely failed on our arrival in the Bay of Biscay, on whose waters we were doomed to undergo all the horrors of a tedious calm.

With light and variable winds, we at length reached Gibraltar, but the admiral, we learnt, had sailed from this, the appointed rendezvous, for Toulon, whither he had left orders for us to follow. Remaining in this beautiful bay, therefore, no longer than was necessary for the obtaining of

fresh water and provisions, we again put to sea, and, towards the end of August, succeeded in making our number to Lord Hood and joining company with the Mediterranean fleet.

As we had expected, they were cruising off the port before named, and consisted of twenty line-of-battle ships, exclusive of small craft and frigates. Having run down to the Victory, we hove to, and the captain's barge was immediately piped away.

I must here remark, that on the joining of royal Joe Royal, to assume the important duties of captain's coxwain and "factotum," as he called it, the crew of his barge had been in some slight degree remodelled; Will Watch being appointed one of the stroke-oarsmen, and my humble self chosen to fill up the vacancy of midshipman of the boat; my predecessor, Henry I——g, having exchanged into the C———, to the command of which, his uncle had been appointed during our last cruise.

The men belonging to the boat in question were all tried hands; followers of their captain,

selected from many crews for their approved worth. This was a duty, therefore, which I might well consider myself very fortunate in obtaining, and take a pleasure in discharging. The letter-bags which we had just brought out from England, having been handed in, we received the still more precious freight of our little skipper, and shoved off.

The captain having betaken himself up the side to find his way to the admiral's cabin, I followed to ensconce myself in the less dignified retreat of the midshipman's mess, the letters being previously, in my presence, delivered to one of the ship's clerks by Joe, in whose care I left the boat —Joe, in his turn, seeking out his friend the captain's steward, and consigning the charge to Will Watch.

Not long, however, were either of us allowed to enjoy the repose thus self-allowed, since our indefatigable little captain, had got us an employment, honourable enough it is true, but one of no slight danger.

It seems, that on the preceding day, the com-

mander-in-chief had been visited by two French delegates from the departments of the Rhone, to concert with him on the best means of restoring royalty to France. These gentlemen expected to meet on board a similar deputation from Toulon, one of the chief towns in the department of Var. In this, however, they were disappointed, owing, we were given to understand, to a division of opinion which now distracted the inhabitants of the port: for, though the majority were inclined to put themselves under English protection, they yet received the most vehement opposition from a powerful faction, led on by Rear Admiral St. Julien, the second in command, he being supported in his conduct and sentiments, by nearly the whole of the French fleet. This consisted altogether of thirty sail of the line: though, fortunately, not more than seventeen of this number were reported ready for sea.

As a set off in our favour, the first in command, Rear-Admiral Trogoff, had declared himself for royalty, and warmly espoused any cause that was opposed to that of the existing government.

On learning these facts, therefore, from the Marseillese deputies from the Rhone department, Lord Hood thought it advisable to open some communication with the inhabitants of the port, before which we were now cruising; in order that he might effectually ascertain their sentiments and declare his own. As Captain Burgos was an officer who, despite of his eccentricities, was universally esteemed wherever his singleness of heart, good sense, and zeal for the service were known, his lordship communicated to him what was going on ashore, and congratulating him on his opportune arrival, to share in the expected service, added, that as he had drawn up an invitation to the royalists of the two departments to place themselves under his protection, he should now despatch a boat to the shore with the same, and, turning round, gave orders that a crew might be selected for the service.

"Needn't take the trouble to do that—needn't pick a crew. Mr. ——," said Captain Burgos, to the first lieutenant, pricking up his ears at this. "My barge alongside, much at your service; I dare say I shall remain on board some little time

longer, and can get a boat by signal at any time. 'Picked'? i' faith not a better crew in the service! Not a man in the boat I haven't known for five years. That is, when I say,—"

"Thank ye, Burgos—the very thing"—said the admiral. "What officer has she in her?"

"Midshipman, my lord."

"Ah! we'll fling in a few arms, and send one of our lieutenants with the proper instructions."

"Happy and proud, my lord, to go myself."

"No, no, Burgos, we'll not do the rogues too much honour—send for Mr. C—ke."

This officer having accordingly made his appearance, and received his orders, descended into the boat, and gave the necessary directions for the steerage to Joe, who seemed to resume without the least trouble to himself, an office which, during his varied services, he had before held under Admiral Fluke, after having previously retired on the pension of the royal but amphibious corps to which he originally belonged.

With a fine fresh breeze in our favour, we hoisted sail, and soon stood in sufficiently near the land for our present purpose, when, lowering

the lug, the lieutenant determined to await the approach of night before attempting the entrance of the harbour.

The town of Toulon, as you will perceive by a single glance at the map, lies nearly east and west; and as it fronts towards the south side of the Mediterranean, the east end is on the right hand side as you enter, and the west consequently on the left. As a sea-port, it is perhaps of as great importance to France, as any in her possession; being, in fact, the only one from which she can at all times send forth a fleet upon the waters of the landlocked sea.

Nature, certainly, has not done as much for this harbourage, as the possessors might wish, but still she has afforded just sufficient facilities, for art to complete nearly all that it found wanting; and this with great ingenuity has accordingly been done.—In one thing, no doubt, the universal mother has been kind, for if not as generous as she might have been, in affording shelter to the shipping, she has, at any rate, surrounded the town with such a perfect chain of semicircular heights, that no enemy, unpossessed

of twenty thousand troops, and a victorious fleet, could long maintain its possession, even when once gained.—This, I admit, is the fruit of experience, but it is only from such a root that truth will spring.

At the time that we first appeared off the port to treat for its possession, we had a very different idea of its capabilities, and but an imperfect knowledge of its localities. I must, however, endeavour to give you that previous knowledge that we had to obtain, or, I fear, you will be but poorly able to understand the description of our proceedings. As from the number of its harbours and forts, this is a place rather difficult to comprehend without beholding it, I shall merely give such a general outline, as will rather assist you in your own conception of the spot than supply the want of the engineer's more precise plan.

The chief anchorage in this port, is the outer road or harbour, situated on the right of the town, and formed by an embayment of the land to the west; having Cape Sepet on the outer or southern

side, the heights of Balagnier on the left or western, and a chain of forts running round in connection from the one to the other. On the east side or entrance, this road has the objection of lying open to the heavy gales of that quarter; while the north or shore side is of course formed by the main land, lined also with batteries; the chief of which are, Fort La Malque in the centre, *Grosse Tour* on the left, and the *Batterie du Cap Brun* on the right.

On the heights of Balagnier are situated the well-known forts of Balagnier and Aiguilette, and beyond these again, lies the inner and smaller road. Thus both these anchorages are commanded by this fortified and intervening height, and this you must bear in mind.

Farther westward and inland, stand Forts Malbousquet and Missicy, opposite to which we have the inner side of the point terminated by *Grosse Tour*, and between these, farther back, we have the town of Toulon itself. From either end of the last, sweep off two artificial piers; hollow in their construction, armed towards the sea with

two very low and formidable batteries, and enclosing within their grasp, a space of water known by the name of the inner harbour. This, though not large, is yet said to be capable of containing a fleet of from twenty-five to thirty men of war; and, humanly speaking, may defy the blast of every wind that blows under heaven.

The entrance to this inner harbour is secured by a boom, and formed by a space of some twenty yards intervening betwixt the two ends of the artificial piers, from over the eastward of which, impends a pair of sheers for the masting and dismasting of ships. No arrangements could certainly have been more judicious and complete than those which are here combined. Within this inaccessible little basin, as it were, the largest ships of the French navy, may be, and have been built, launched, rigged, fitted, manned, and provisioned; and it is only necessary the boom should be unlocked, to send forth upon the seas, a splendid and powerful fleet, complete in each particular, and in every way worthy of — English capture!—for Britain rules the waves!

To the left of the inner harbour is the arsenal, with the various storehouses; before which lie all the small craft. Here also the timber is kept in seasoning, and these are likewise secured by a boom. On the other side, to the right, is the victualling department, together with the gun-boats: a spacious and noble quay connects the two extremities, and forms the back of the harbour, in the centre of which is a tower, exactly fronting the entrance boom; while the town, like some good mother, surrounds the whole, and is in turn surrounded and commanded by its heights.

These last extend on the eastward, or right hand, through the *Porte D'Italie*, to the road of Hieres, and on the west or left, through the *Porte de France*, to the village and pass of Ollioules—while in the centre of this almost impassable chain, is posted a strong fort of the name of Pharon—from the *Montagne de Pharon*, whence the heights of Pharon. Such then is Toulon. The above description may at first seem puzzling, but draw the lines on paper according to the

compass, and you cannot fail to have before you a pretty good view of the port.—There are many other forts and positions, but these I must hope to make you comprehend as I proceed.

Having now delayed our progress until we heard three bells, or half-past nine, tolled faintly along the English line, we once more held on upon our course under the land, till such time as we could dash in among the French fleet, then lying at anchor in the outer road. As we bore fearlessly on, a dead silence reigning in the boat, and successively passed the huge ships of the enemy, looming that night through the shade with an additional air of gloomy grandeur, the eye and ear intuitively watched for the deadly flash and roar, which would most likely be the first announcement of our detection; and, for aught we knew, perhaps its punishment.

Still I was far from insensible to the pride of such an hour, which served strongly to recall a similar and favourite scene in Cornelius, where Themistocles rows through the Persian fleet at Salamis, to concert for the good of his country

with Eurybiades, whom faction had made his foe. The parallel, I thought, as far as the circumstances went, held pretty fairly, but we were likely to have come off nothing near so well as the Grecian hero. Favoured by the darkness of the night, and the freshness of the breeze that had gradually increased, our temporary commander had, it is true, been hitherto rewarded with the success which his skill and daring had so well deserved; for not only did we pass throughout the French line, but actually arrived close abreast of the Dock-yard without the slightest molestation. Here, however, a gun-boat suddenly ran us alongside, demanding "Qui va là?"

"La barque de l'Amiral," replied C—e in an authoritative tone, while I added, in an under voice, "Ecoutez là," to the men; already instructed in such a case to mutter a few words among themselves in any language the nearest they could muster to French. This ruse succeeded, and before we could hear more than the commencing "Je vous demande," in the reply of the French officers, the boats had brushed past

each other; while C—e, looking after his interrogator, and seeing him continue his course outward, snapped his fingers and exclaimed, "Eh, bien, mon ami! et j'en vous accorde—Bon soir! Johnny Crapeau."

In a few minutes more, we succeeded in getting alongside one of the dockyard wharfs, and C—e, taking two stout hands with him, left me in strict charge of the boat. He returned, after an hour's absence, with several citizens, bringing some provisions, which together with our commander, we received on board; then shoving off a little way from the jetty where we had been lying, made the boat fast to a floating boom, preparatory to passing the night in her, which we were now told we should have to do; the committee of protection, from which we had just received a deputation, declining to see him until the morning.

CHAPTER II.

THE royalists, however, though they afforded us no shelter for the night, still gave us no reason to complain of their treatment, since some fine fat capons, doubtless never destined for such a *petit souper*, together with the long French bread, or as Jack called it, "soft tack by the yard, by jingo!" gave us a very sufficient relish for the accompanying vin du Bordeaux; the which, as the aforesaid Jack discarded it for a little true Cognac, was admitted, nevertheless, to be "not such very bad vinegar after a long cruise."

However, ample justice was certainly done to all and singular of the viands thus procured, when our appetites being somewhat appeased—and truly I had never before eaten a meal with such pleasure—as well as our good humour excited, the men

began to while away the time with long yarns delivered in an under voice.

Nor in this respect was C—e behind any of us. He soon discovered the droll vein of character concealed under the stiff and stately surface of Joe Royal, and began to draw him out accordingly. This to be sure was no very difficult matter to manage at any time, and as the honest corporal was not likely to be particularly frigid at such a moment, he soon learnt that "I and Sir John St. Mowbray own the whole of Dock," as well as the full and particular history of sundry other adventures, not forgetting "my prisoner, the admiral," which latter tale, from its singularity, was ever sure to be most severely questioned, and as strongly maintained.

"Ay, ay, Sir, them things mayn't happen now, 'tisn't every man who has the fortune to meet with 'em, you know. But Lor', Sir! look what I've seen! a little service, Sir, I sometimes make bold to think! 'Tisn't to be comprisified in a dog-watch as ye may say!

"There, Sir, I entered the service when I was sixteen, and now I'm fifty-six, and that's forty years by my 'rithmetic,—a man must see something in such a spell unless his eyes are so hard and fast asleep as not to waken under a shovelful of cold clay, and a regular future joy.—Ah, Sir, I've seen something in the way of fighting, ay, and blowing too;—why bless ye, Sir, I was in that hurricane you must have heard tell of, when Admiral Gr——s was so nigh going down with all hands in the R——s; I was coming home, Sir, invalidated, after the death of Captain ——.

"Ah! and a sad business 'twas,—and I was ordered a passage in the admiral's ship, but some how, Sir,—I never could come to the rights of how it happened;—so some how, Sir,—you know, Sir, the climate there is a sultry sort of a concern —in the West Ingees—and so somehow I was taking leave of old shipmates or something or other, but hang me, Sir, if I know how 'twas;—next morning I found myself aboard of a thing I never could abide,—a dirty blackguardly transport

—B., Number—I forget how many, but somewhere 'twixt 52 and 104,—without so much as a single thing of my kit.

"We kept bravely up with the fleet for some weeks, and a rare good squad there was of us, what with convoy and men of war; for, besides the three sail of the line, and a frigate, under the admiral's orders, we were bringing home four of Lord * * 's prizes, when—I think 'twas the second week in September,—we were catched in a regular hurricane; a true Barbadian-built piper 'twas,—a dismantler, as you may say; fair and even, not one could laugh against another; all served out pretty well alike. As for the admiral, he was as bad off as the worst of us, and if 't hadn't been for the black and white of his ports showing now and then, 'twould a puzzled a judge to say whether 'twas most like a ship or a 'merican porpoise. Now up, now down! scarce a rag o' sail to be seen,—the sea making clean breaches over her, and streaming back again in long white streaks o' foam, like an old man's hair in a nor'-easter.

"'Twas an awful sight! Enough to make a man wonder how iron and wood could stand it.—No more it could, Sir,—there was the D—— store-ship, she'd been an old East India trader,—nigh the first thing we saw when day-light broke, was she giving a pitch and a toss, like boys at chuck-farthing, and down she goes, head foremost with her ensign flying, the last thing to be seen. There was one line of battle ship settling down to leeward as it might be there, maintopmast and mizenmast gone, and the other without any masts at all, ay, or bowsprit either.

"As for the prizes, poor souls! 'twas short work with them, and worse still with the convoy:—out of thirty sail and better at starting, we couldn't count above eighteen; and they scattered,—ay, Sir, like cockboats before a buccaneer! One settling by the head, another by the stern, a third without a stick standing, a fourth, belike, with every rag blown clean out of the bolt ropes, and her upper gear as much of a wreck as I'm like Joe Royal, while two or three were on their beam-ends, and our barky was one of them;—forced to

cut away the main and mizenmast before the old tub would right again, and then she wasn't content, till we'd flung overboard all the shoes in our shop.—Thinks I, 'Joe, your kit's aboard o' the old R——s, and though that doesn't seem the driest place in the world, mayhap 'tis better than being here, and it's like enough its master would be the snugger for being with it.'

"Ay, Sir, I was right enough; the storm wasn't the worst we had to see of it. Night came without the winds falling anything to speak of, and when day-light broke, the second morning, then were we, driving before it, we scarcely knew where.—Never another sail in sight,—the barky so leaky, we could scarcely keep her afloat, no such a thing as steering her, and every thing hove overboard save a little bread. Before long this was all gone, and we were starving.

"This was hard work, Sir, but by good luck there happened to be an old tom cat on board, and you may take your oath we made no bones of him. Lor, Sir! there wasn't as much left of him as would go into a thimble! I wasn't very lucky

in the matter of that, for I got master tom's head, and right heartily they laughed at me when I drew the lot, though at the same time there wasn't much to be merry at, seeing we all looked like skeletons. However, the lieutenant was an Aberdeen man, and says he, thinking to cheer me up, 'Tout, man! it 'll no be bad for a haggis!' 'Plague take your haggis,' Sir, said I, 'I'm thinking that 's one of your Scotch dishes, and we know nothing about such dainties in the west country; but if your inclined for a treat, I won't mind changing lots with you, and I'll throw you this into the bargain,' pulling a dead mouse out of my pocket, which I found half an hour before 'twixt the ship's timbers. Well, Sir, I never thought he'd do it, but hang me if he didn't, and I got part of the haunch, and as we had a fire to roast it by, 'twas n't such bad eating after all, when ye come to think of it!

"But, dear, dear Sir! it makes me shudder to think of what came after that, for as soon as poor old tom was gone, we were left to Hobson's choice,—to die with starvation, or die without it.

The first wasn't pleasant, and the last didn't come natural; but what were we to do? we held out as long as we could, and then the poor creatures were drove stark mad. They eat up all the leather of the ship's pumps, and not a man among us had got a pair o' shoes left, and my poor cross-belts I shared out as far as they'd go, and then, though 'twas a horrid thing, Sir, they determined to cast lots who should die to feed the rest.

"I wouldn't have any thing to do with it, any more than standing my chance.—But they pitched upon a poor nigger, who chanced to be aboard, and I don't think it was quite by fair play either. However, all I could say, or the lieutenant either, was no use, they seized poor Blackey, and before he knew where he was, he was shot through the head. After that, there was a large fire made, and they went to work with him, just as you would with a sheep. Well, Sir, what with salt, and one thing and another, they contrived to make this last for a fortnight and better; and then they said they must cast lots again.

"This time the lot fell upon me, notwithstanding the captain and I had never touched any of the last; for I thought he hadn't had fair play, as I said before, 'and 'tisn't,' said I, 'because niggers may be plenty in these latitudes, that you should go to serve them in that sort o' way.' But this I must say for the poor creatures, 'twasn't possible for any poor devils to show more sorrow about such a matter, than they did, one and all, for me; and after begging them to do the business as quickly for me as the blackamoor, I made up my mind for it.—To be sure, I grew rather sick, when I saw them make up the fire to roast me, after it was over. However, when it came to the point, their hearts wouldn't let them do it, and they reprieved me till eleven next morning, but O!—I soon grew—so—so—"

The corporal here bent his head, and fell forward into the steerage of the boat; his whole weight resting upon me.—Springing up as quickly as I could, I found, to my astonishment, that the hardy old soldier had actually fainted, on thus recalling the horrible sensations which his former

sufferings had induced. A little brandy, however, brought him round, but he made no effort to conclude his horrid narrative, by informing us how his life was saved.

This, however, I had before heard at the "Folly," when the admiral had communicated to me many revolting details, now omitted, and which the commander of the vessel had, however, lived to *verify on oath;* and added that Joe, soon after his lot being made known, became delirious, but that before the expiration of the reprieve, which the generosity of his companions had allowed to him, a homeward bound vessel—"Heaven directed"!—hove in sight, and rescued the unhappy party.

This "yarn," however, which was considerably within the truth, rather than outside it, proved to be quite enough of the horrors for that night, and was succeeded by tales more touching on the humorous, till, one by one, we gradually dropped asleep, leaving the lookers-out to save us from any surprise.

On the ensuing morning, at six o'clock, the

remainder of our provisions were served out for breakfast; after which, Lieutenant C—e perceived the signal, which announced, according to promise, that his presence was expected on shore. Making us land him once more in the Dockyard, he set off as before.

Hour after hour passed without his making his appearance, or sending either of his men down with any message, until on the arrival of noon, I began to be not a little alarmed.

I at length determined, however reluctantly, to leave Joe in charge of the boat, taking Watch with me, to see if I could not hear any tidings of our envoy. We had not proceeded many steps, before our ears were saluted with the wild huzzaing of the mob. Thinking that this sounded rather ominous, we stepped aside until they passed; when, to my surprise, I beheld the lieutenant borne aloft on the shoulders of the people, who, dancing and shouting around him, waved on high numerous dirty rags, as types of the *drapeau blanc*, and thus conducted him in triumph to his boat, after having forcibly rescued

him from arrest by some of the revolutionary party.

Finding the tide in our favour, we lost no time in launching on the stream, and springing from our concealment, hurried on with the crowd; while Will, in the fervour of his enthusiasm, snatched off his cap, and waving it aloft, cried out, "Now, my hearties! three cheers for old England."

No sooner was this said, than the two seamen belonging to our boat, and now preceding their lieutenant on foot, gave the French populace the preparatory "hip, hip," to which the huzza was vociferously added.

Having speedily gained our barge, the oars were out in a few seconds, and amid the joyful acclamations of the crowd, we pushed off for the fleet, which, despite of many dangers, we managed to reach just as the Victory's bell struck five (half past two).

After so much exertion, it may readily be supposed that we were glad of a little rest and refreshment, having obtained which, we again

departed for the town. Lieutenant C—e was now charged to bring off some special deputy from the department committee, in order that the various stipulations of the declaration signed in the morning, might be forthwith determined and ratified.

On our return to the enemy, we found a French frigate anchored in such a position, that great care was necessary to avoid being cut off. Thinking that the boldest plan would prove, as on the preceding night, the best, we steered directly for her, until such time as we could pass between her and the port, then giving way for the shore, contrived to land C—e, notwithstanding the continued and heavy fire, both of the frigate and an armed boat, which she had sent in chase of us.

On this occasion, we did not attempt to enter the harbour, but contented ourselves with taking refuge among the rocks which line the coast to Cape Sepet. Over these C—e proceeded to climb up, in the face of the enemy's fire, and reaching the city in safety, we brought off, on the

ensuing evening, to the Victory, the object of his mission.

No time was now lost by Lord Hood, in fulfilling the promises he held forth; and we learnt that Louis the Seventeenth had been declared king, by the royalist party on shore, who had hereupon taken the oath of allegiance. The commander in chief, on the strength of this, determined to land without delay, such forces as would be sufficient to take possession of the forts, which commanded the republican French fleet.

All our efforts were, however, too late to assist the Marseillese, and the surrounding departments of the Rhone, they having already been obliged to submit to the conventional troops, under General Carteau; the army of Italy, under General Lapoye, being, it was said, on the march for Toulon.

While every preparation was making on our part, the enemy were not idle, for Rear Admiral St. Julien, ascertaining that it was our intention to take possession of the port, exerted himself with considerable vigour in manning the forts on

the southern side of the greater road, by which he hoped to impede our entrance. On this, Lord Hood determined, if possible, to be beforehand, and attack Fort Lamalgue; which strong and principal position on the opposite side of the great road was speedily gained by Captain Elphinstone, at the head of some fifteen hundred men.

These were composed of such troops as were serving on board the fleet, together with the marines, and a few seamen, contributed by various ships. Among the last, the Briton was foremost in sending her quota, consisting of thirty seamen and twenty-two marines, to which, by particular request, Joe Royal, and several of his boat's crew, together with myself, were attached.

The fort in which we now found ourselves, and which Captain Elphinstone had been appointed to command, being, as I said, directly opposed to that held by St. Julien, the ships under his command were completely at the mercy of our guns. Orders were therefore issued to prepare for indulging his worship with a heavy cannonade, while a flag of truce was despatched

to him, by way of warning, to say that he must either order his fleet into the inner harbour, there to deliver up their powder and "munitions of war," or stand the brunt of opposing his majesty's liege subjects.

This prompt conduct produced the desired effect. My gentleman immediately "drew in his horns," and his ships quietly retreated into the appointed place of refuge, where their crews and officers, hastily landing, betook themselves off, as we then thought, to join the advancing republican army; while the British fleet securely took up the anchorage they had abandoned. Strangely enough, our quondam allies, the Spaniards, hove in sight, while these proceedings were going on, and their ships—seventeen of the line, besides frigates,—came to, close at hand, not long after we had brought up.

The first benefit which we received from these gentry, was a reinforcement at Fort Lamalgue, of some nine or ten hundred troops, which, however, even when combined with our own, did not swell our numbers to any inconvenient amount.

Indeed, throughout the whole of our stay at Toulon, we found the duty extremely heavy, both from the paucity of men, and the long extended line of works which we were forced, from the nature of the place, to maintain—a chain of nearly sixteen miles in circumference.

To this difficulty was added, as the investment of the place by the enemy proceeded, the diversity of nations from which we were compelled to collect its garrison: a fact which might have been a source of amusement, had it not previously been one of distress. French, British, Spaniards, Piedmontese, Neapolitans, Sardinians, and Maltese, had all to be welded, as it were, into one weapon of defence, and to this motley groupe should have been added a very considerable number of Austrians, but for the proverbial perfidy of a court, whose conduct has obtained an eternal monument of infamy in the estimation of mankind; and this by a succession of the meanest acts that can disgrace a nation.

However, hard as our duty now was, it had that great charm, novelty; and no one ever heard

any complaints from the English seamen, whose high spirits, great good temper, and willingness to be worked—ay, almost to death if need be,—I have ever found beyond all praise! As for the British troops, they were in everlasting requisition; they behaved most gallantly, and as is usual in such cases, invariably suffered most severely.

For the French royalists, they seemed to fight with halters round their necks, and in a protracted struggle, this is certainly no advantage.

But of all present, no one appeared more in his element than Joe Royal. A universal favourite, he seemed, in a lower grade, to have assumed the office of generalissimo; and alternately helped to drill an awkward squad of Neapolitan recruits, —for some of the men they sent us were little better,—or in his own jocular way, "put up" some of his more nautical brethren to the puzzling evolutions of the line. Among other honours now conferred upon him, was that of extraordinary orderly sergeant to Captain Elphin-

stone, in which capacity he was constantly to be seen, panting about with orders to the different posts.

As our allies, the Spaniards, evinced sufficient eagerness to share in any of the rewards which might be going, Rear Admiral Gravina was appointed commander in chief of the land forces, and Rear Admiral Goodall, governor of the town. Our next employment was that of driving the enemy—the advanced guard of Carteau's army—from his post on a bridge of the little village of Ollioules. This post is distant five miles from the town, and the required service we performed under our naval general, Captain Elphinstone, with great credit.

Soon afterwards, however, the "good *sans culottes*" pressed on in much greater strength, both in the east and west, when some fresh reinforcements arrived under General Lord Mulgrave: and we were also further assisted in our endeavours to defend the place, by the departure of four ships, the most useless of the French line; in which

were sent away, the five thousand seamen lately belonging to the fleet, and now grown very troublesome. For this act, however, prudent as it was, Lord Hood was afterwards much blamed.—I suppose the good people would rather that he should have eaten them,—poor old gentleman!

While our hopes were now anxiously turned to Europe, for such succours as would enable us to hold out against the superior and increasing force of the besiegers, the latter lost no opportunity of adding to our annoyances; and in the beginning of September, opened fire upon our shipping, from two new mortar batteries in the north west, which we opposed by ships of the line and armed rafts.

On the last day of this month, also, the enemy succeeded in surprising our position immediately over the town, on the heights of Pharon. This, however, we regained on the ensuing day, with comparatively little loss to ourselves, though the enemy were reported to have suffered severely. On this day also, I received my first wound, which was, however, very slight, being merely a bullet graze, through the fleshy part of the

left arm. I thought, nevertheless, as the surgeon's assistant bound it up, that three inches more to the right would have effectually settled my career. I was, however, very well satisfied with my present portion of personal hacking, since it did not prevent my being present a few nights afterwards at the storming of the enemy's batteries on the heights of Moulins and Reinier, where we were under the command of poor W–lt–r S——d. As gallant a fellow as ever stepped, was S——d! He here gained his promotion, only to lose his life a few months afterwards at the memorable siege of Calvi.

We had now been in the occupation of Toulon about two months, during which time we had received various reinforcements, though the whole of them were far from adequate to our wants, and had sent away numerous squadrons from the fleet, until it amounted to no more than ten sail of the line, and those but half manned. At this inopportune moment a most serious quarrel was likely to have arisen between Lord Hood and the Spanish Admiral, Lanara.

It arose respecting General Valdez, who it

seems had brought from Madrid an appointment to command the whole of the combined forces at Toulon. This appointment, however, the English vice-admiral refused to acknowledge; asserting on our part, that the port had put itself under our protection, and that a General O'Hara had been named to the command of the forces now acting on shore, and would immediately arrive.

On this, Langara, thinking to intimidate his lordship, surrounded the Victory with some of the heaviest ships belonging to his fleet. But it was all in vain, the spirit of John Bullism was too strong for the Don, and General O'Hara, on his arrival, assumed his proper function; while Lord Hood, to supply as well as he could, the deficiency in his fleet, obtained a considerable supply of seamen from the island of Malta.

It was at this period that we heard with the deepest sorrow, of the sanguinary deed that filled up the measure of revolutionary madness in France. The princely-born — the young — the lovely and devoted Marie-Antoinette, had been

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immolated on the scaffold, yet reeking with her husband's blood!

The news of this revolting outrage was, if I rightly remember, brought from Paris by General Dugommier, who arrived to conduct the siege; the sudden termination of which, though little anticipated by us, was now by fate brought close at hand. The first serious notification which we had of this change of commanders, was an attack upon Fort Mulgrave,—a fort which we had ourselves constructed with great pains, in order to command Balagnier and Agquilette.

Little, indeed, did we know to whose genius we were indebted for the change of measures now adopted towards us! Though Dugommier, as ostensible head of the republicans, received the merit of the new line of attack, it was, in fact, the suggestion of one, in whom Great Britain was to find the most able and powerful foe; one who, supported by his consummate powers and wonderful destiny, was soon to contend with us for the empire of the world.

About a month previous to the present time, we heard that a young and unknown officer had been appointed to command the artillery of the besiegers. Prior to this, we knew that the greatest difference and perplexity of opinion had reigned in their councils; so much so as to agitate the question of their repassing the Durance, and leaving Provence to our mercy: an idea taken from Francis the First, who thus acted, as you may remember, on the invasion of Charles the Fifth. From the moment, however, of this officer's arrival, he had devoted himself to the examination of the place; and now, when a change in affairs gave him a fair opportunity of being heard, his investigation was turned to a good account. I have already mentioned the proposed attack on Fort Mulgrave, but before proceeding, it will be as well to say a few words on its erection.

Whether the original idea of it belongs to Lord Mulgrave, I know not, but after-circumstances proved its vast importance. It was constructed, as I have said, on the neck of the neighbouring promontory of Balagnier, was commenced early in September, and commanded not only the town of

Toulon, but still more completely our shipping in both roads, as well as the position of Agquilette. The greatest labour and exertion had been used to render this post secure, and in order to effect this, we had cut down all the wood on the neighbouring promontory of Cair, which would otherwise have given shelter to the enemy, and forced even the galley-slaves to work in its erection. Indeed, of so impregnable a nature did we hold it, that it went by the name of "Little Gibraltar."

The first attack on this post, and which, by the by, afterwards turned out to have originated as much from accident as design, was but partially successful. The Spaniards, on whom the brunt of the fire fell, at first retreated; but General O'Hara coming up, ordered a company of the Royals to support them, and we succeeded in putting the republicans to flight.

We were not, however, allowed to enjoy the services of this valuable officer long. A masked battery,—or rather, one, the construction of which had been concealed by a small olive wood,—having suddenly opened on fort Malbousquet, a corps of two thousand three hundred men, under

Major General Dundas, was ordered to take possession of it by sortie.

This battery had been planted to the north westward on the left of the republican army, which there consisted of about eight thousand men, occupying a line from fort Rouge to Malbousquet, and much scattered.

An hour before daylight we left the town, and after a toilsome and most difficult ascent of the heights, found but too little difficulty in driving back the foe.—I say too little difficulty, for it would have been well if we had been contented with our present success; but no—led on by the ease with which we had succeeded, we pursued the enemy towards a second rising ground, situated inside the first battery, the primary object of our attack.

At this juncture, we heard the drums roll out the *generale* from Dugommier's main body, which lay on our left; on hearing which, Joe Royal, who was in full pursuit behind me, roared out at the topmast pitch of his lungs, "Halt, Sir! halt! —Mr. Arran!—halt!" and before I had time to

enquire what was the matter, he sprang forward, forcibly arrested me by the shoulder, and with looks of alarm, and a voice hoarse with bawling, cried, "Look! look, Sir, we're cut off! —Call them back, Sir, call them back, or they 're prisoners or dead men every Jack of them!—You, Watch! You, Will Watch! You stubborn young gallows-bird—born to be hung, if not to be shot. —Halt, I say!—halt! and fall in; we may get back yet in good order!"—and Joe flew to rally his own party, leaving my attention rivetted on the scene now enacting in the battery we had so rashly quitted.

Many of our troops, originally composed of detachments from the various nations before named, had now, I perceived, formed on either side of the first redoubt, but these consisted, I thought, mostly of Spaniards and Neapolitans; the whole of the British, and the greater part of the French royalists being in hot pursuit of the republicans. Suddenly I perceived stealing along, with only their heads above ground, a detachment of the enemy, who, led on by a young and apparently

insignificant officer, suddenly started up, as if from the bowels of the earth, and poured in a heavy fire on the combined troops, right and left.

Being partly hidden by some brambles growing close to our lately recovered battery, General O'Hara, who had just come up from the town, and now saw from a distance the effect of their vollies, conceived that they must be some of our own men firing on their brother soldiers from mistake. He therefore rushed forward, on the instant, for the humane purpose of setting them right. I, however, who had seen their insidious approach, knew but too well their character, and bawled out as lustily as I could—"General—general—they're enemies!" Vain was my attempt to caution! In the next moment I had the mortification of beholding his sword arm drop by his side from a musket wound, and a sergeant rushing on him, dragged our unfortunate chief down, as it were, into the grave.

"Hurrah here, my tars, to the general's rescue!" shouted old Joe, who had witnessed this fatal

finale, as he was coming up to me after having recovered a few of his immediate party.

"A rescue! a rescue! my boys!" repeated Will Watch.

"Huzza! the general's rescue!" re-echoed all, and we dashed forward.

"——Le Général Anglois à l'arrière garde!" I heard the little French officer cry, as he waved his sword on our approach—then addressing the main body of his men with some other order, they came suddenly round on the left wheel, and poured in a heavy volley.

At this moment, our little corps, which did not altogether amount to twelve men, instead of taking the enemy as we thought on the flank, received, at not fifteen yards' distance, the fire of an extended line of some thirty men. Seven poor fellows sunk never to rise again; all of us were wounded more or less, and one so severely that we were unable to bring him off the field.

By this time the general had been dragged be-

hind the cover of the second little post, the prospect of taking which had proved so fatal. Stragglers were flying in every direction around us, the first redoubt was in the possession of our foes, already busily employed in sweeping us down with some of its recaptured guns; and, to crown our misfortunes, we beheld the main body, under Dugommier, in rapid motion, to cut us off from the town.

"—— those French! they haven't left a fellow a pin to stand upon," exclaimed old Joe, with an oath wrung from him by the pain of his wounds. "Come, Mr. Arran, next to fighting well is retreating well, as your uncle used to say; and if we don't make off, they 'll soon make off with us."

"That 's true, Joe," I replied; and seeing that no wiser course was left us, we hurried to join a larger body of our comrades in full retreat towards the city. In doing this, we had nearly broken our necks in a smaller sort of trench or boyau, which I now perceived to have been the destructive communication between the two re-

doubts, into which the general had seemed so strangely dragged, and which had consequently been the means of effecting our misfortunes.

In an instant Joe leapt into this, and beckoning us to do the same, whispered, "We may as well discharge our muskets, Sir, before we go aboard, and what's good for the goose is good for the gander." With this, the active old corporal sherryed on, as if he were actually imitating the sagacious bird already named, while I followed in the same manner, but almost convulsed with laughter.

"Now, my boys!" muttered Joe, on our arriving under the lee of the brambles,—"Everything in a pig's whisper—every man to his own aim.—Pink the officers first, 'cause they've a right to the extinction—then away, slap over all!—don't be afraid to use your butt ends well,—and right aboard!—Devil take the hindmost!"

With this last equivalent for *Vivat Rex*, we all cocked our pieces, and rising up slowly from amongst the thorns, poured our fire into the rear works of these gentry, just as we observed them

discharge several of their guns against our friends in front;—then, before they could recover from their surprise, we dashed through, knocked down right and left, leapt the embrazures, and scudded to the retreating remnant of the combined forces as hard as we could pelt.

Reflecting afterwards on this little exploit of Joe's, I could not help thinking that the want of implements alone prevented us from spiking one or two, if not all their guns, since, at the time of our passage through this battery—consisting of from ten to fourteen guns and mortars—it was scarcely half manned.

This sad day's work was undoubtedly the beginning of our reverses at Toulon. It was with great difficulty that we again got shelter, and, on mustering the refugees, we were found to have lost, in killed and wounded, nearly one half of the number originally employed. Nor was our mortification much lessened, by considering that we owed this to the headlong impetuosity of British troops, and the advantage to which it was so skil-

fully turned by the little artillery officer. We soon had cause to learn the name of this *jeune homme*, and after-circumstances familiarized it somewhat on our tongues;—it was Napoleon Buonaparte!

CHAPTER III.

The check thus given to us seemed to infuse new life and spirits into our opponents, and some fresh corps having joined the republican army, it was determined, at a council of war, to make a grand attack on the key of our present position—Fort Mulgrave. This plan, as I have before hinted, originated solely with Buonaparte, who maintained that, once possessed of "Little Gibraltar," he would in four days regain Toulon. Accordingly, within a fortnight of the taking of General O'Hara, the enemy succeeded in throwing up several heavy gun and mortar batteries, and, after an incessant bombardment of eight-and-forty hours, the French formed in two columns, and prepared to storm our hold.

The night selected for this service, was in truth

well suited to such a scene of carnage. The rain came down in torrents:—the night so pitch dark that none of the enemy's movements could be seen, and the bitter, biting cold of December's blast, inclined me for any thing as much as fighting. This morning also, the seventeenth of December, was the sad anniversary of my poor father's death; and I thought it was far from improbable, that my hour was arrived for following him to the gloomy tomb. I recalled also, and not with the most placid feelings, the splendour and comfort surrounding my cousin at H——n. Somewhat different, thought I, from the lot of your less fortunate kinsman, employed, during such a night, in picquet duty on Mount Pharon! But then, I thought, it is for glory—oh, glory!—Hem! —thou questionable word!

These disagreeable and natural, but bootless reveries, were put to flight by the quick running sound of musketry, which the fitful storm allowed to reach my ear, and which ushered in the more deadly fire, covering the attack on Little Gibraltar. This overture proceeded from our troops. For

the garrison of this fort being stationed somewhat in its rear, to avoid, if possible, the tremendous bombardment of the last few days, it had become necessary to throw out a line of skirmishers in front. These on being driven in by the advance of the French columns, thus gave notice to their comrades above to support their retreat, by the occupation of the fort itself, for whose possession so much blood was to be spilt.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more deadly and determined struggle, than the one which now took place. The enemy's leading column was headed, not by the popular representatives, as was afterwards reported, but by Dugommier himself; notwithstanding the wound he had received but a few days before. The deafening roar of the artillery, now playing over the heads of the assailants, and showering destruction on those of the defenders, mingling with the howling of the gale, the screams of those who fell, and the exulting shouts of such as Fortune favoured, rose on the ear like a concert of the doomed, and pre-

sented to the imagination the completion of the grand but horrid picture, which the intermitting glare of death imperfectly revealed.

While the fort was thus defended with such obstinacy, and Fortune seemed as likely to favour one side as the other, the enemy's cannonade suddenly slackened; Dugommier in an agony of anxiety and despair was obliged slightly to give way—even while urging his men to redouble their efforts.

At this crisis, a Captain Muiron, of the artillery, second in command to Buonaparte, supported by his chief, and perfectly acquainted with the position, found his way up the height unobserved; here, debouching at the foot of the fort, he rushed with his party through an embrasure.—The step was decisive; thus attacked in front and rear, the gallant Captain C——y, with his royal Irish, were, after a most sanguinary stand, compelled to retreat to the flanking redoubt of Balagnier; while Dugommier and Buonaparte were left in possession of the coveted point, for which they had

staked all, and possessed of which, the latter had asserted himself to be sure of the city:—we shall see.

Certain it is, we could not have seen it with the same eyes, or we should not have left it garrisoned with something less than eight hundred men.

While these were the proceedings at Fort Mulgrave, much the same was enacted at my station. My picquet being driven in soon after the attack opened on Little Gibraltar, we had to fall back on the main-body, this last being obliged to retreat before a far superior force; so that morning dawned to find our lines effectually forced by the foe, and the two most important points, the heights of Balagnier and Pharon, in the complete possession of the republicans. The whole number of our garrison now amounting to a little more than a fifth of our antagonists, we were evidently too weak to attempt regaining what we had lost, and too wise to await the further and inevitable evils of reverses already sustained.

Such ships, therefore, as were threatened by

the guns we had so lately planted, now weighed and stood out of danger.

A grand council of war was summoned on the instant by Lord Hood; it was attended by all the principal officers of the combined forces, and within eighteen hours of the taking of Fort Mulgrave, they resolved, without one dissentient voice, on the immediate evacuation of Toulon. To the unfortunate inhabitants, such a disastrous event seemed doubly terrible and sudden; and those, who but a brief space since, were warranted in contemplating a victorious sortie into deserted Provence, could now alone hope for safety in foreign exile; aggravated by the anguish of ties for ever severed, and the despair of fortunes irretrievably destroyed!

Nothing remaining to us but the advantages of promptly executing the step to which we had been thus reluctantly forced: we divided the labour with our allies the Spaniards, and hastened to acquit ourselves with that cheerful vigour and determination, which has gained the British navy all its laurels.—May they never fade!

To Captain Elphinstone, whose services had proved so valuable, was entrusted the embarkation of the troops and inhabitants, in which he was assisted by Burgos, and one or two of his brother captains. Admiral Langara volunteered to destroy such of the French line as we could not bring off, while Sir S——y S—th solicited and obtained the trust of firing the arsenal and magazines.

This officer had but lately joined the fleet; but we had heard his gallantry much commended, and honest Joe having informed me that he was one of my uncle's midshipmen, I determined, since my "sojering" on shore was over, to get myself under his orders. For I thought, as times went, it would be as pleasant an employment as any other. Having first obtained the captain's leave, I offered him the services of myself and boat's crew; these he was pleased very kindly to accept, and slapping Joe on the back, demanded how the war had gone with him since they last parted; at the same time congratulating him on the activity which allowed his serving "king and country" in a new capacity.

"Ay, ay, Sir, there's a crack in the old whip yet!" answered Joe, "and now I think of it, Sir, I may make so bold, perhaps, as to return you the fire, for they tell me you're turning out a rare smart hand, Sir, and I wish ye joy of it!"

"What, master Joe!—the same saucy-tongued knave that ever you were! Well, take care, sirrah, that you roast the French to-night."

"Ay, ay, Sir, leave me alone for that; one good turn deserves another. They've peppered my old drumsticks as if they were going to make a grill of 'em, so never fear my roasting their sirloins!"

This was now the morning of the eighteenth, and the troops having been withdrawn from the various outposts, were concentrated within fort La Malgue, whence they were to embark. The foreign troops in Malbousquet and Missicy having taken leave to decamp and go on board their ships in detail, while the council were yet sitting on the preceding night.

One or two of my boat's crew having been shot, and several wounded too severely to resume their duties, I obtained men to supply their places, and

reporting myself to Sir S——y on board his little tender, we proceeded to our fun at the dockyard. There setting to work, we prepared the requisites for burning the enemy's stores and shipping, with all the glee which animates a groupe of children about to do honour to that hero of plots—Guy Faux. The enemy in sooth did their best to interrupt our diversion, by an incessant shower of shot and shell from the surrounding and lately abandoned lines, but their efforts were, however, vain; despite of the attendant danger, the "villanous saltpetre" was, after much labour, prepared and disposed of, in every required form, quantity, and situation.

Gun-boats had, in the meanwhile, been stationed in various parts of the harbour, to keep at bay the enemy without, and the republicans within. To their tumultuous numbers were also added some thousands of the galley slaves, freed but a few hours since from well deserved chains, and impatient of those, whose presence delayed the general massacre and pillage which was to crown the scene.

Too soon were they let loose upon this devoted city. At a quarter to ten, every thing being in readiness, the fiat of destruction was given. Three rockets ascended from the dock-yard, the trains were fired, the bruleaux previously laid athwart hause of the French line, sent forth a lambent pyramid of flame; and by this fierce and ruddy glare, the troops commenced their final embarkation, from a shore they had defended so gallantly, though in vain!

Which of its many thousand spectators, can ever live to forget the sight that night presented to our view? A strong south-west wind, or as the Toulonese term it, a libecchio, was setting in; increasing as the morning drew on, to a perfect gale. Thus fanned, the terrific element leapt from ship to ship with indescribable fury and rapidity; seeming to exult with a savage joy, as it wreathed the noble form of each successive seventy-four in its annihilating embrace.

Ten or twelve ships of the line were soon in a complete blaze: the flames rushing out of their ports, and giving to distinct view, the dark lines of

their masts and rigging; while the various boats of the fleet busied in this work of destruction, together with the transports receiving troops, became equally visible in the lurid glare thus cast upon the sea. The surface of the last seemed lashed into universal foam, by the deadly hail now falling with redoubled fury and more unerring aim; as the enemy's encircling lines narrowed round the town, and to his former fire was added that of Malbosquet.

The first explosion which thundered forth above the already deafening din, was that occasioned by the blowing up of Fort Poné, at about ten o'clock. This was succeeded by several of minor note, which passed unheeded in the general roar. Soon, however, one awful concussion appeared to have quelled all. It seemed as if Nature, to mock at man's idea of ruin, was about to rend the elements, and give back earth to its primeval chaos—so tremendous was the blast! After a moment's pause, however, friend and foe seemed by mutual and tacit consent to recognise the circumstance as one of

human agency, and again plied the reluctant cannon in the work of slaughter.

We soon found that this 'nine' seconds' wonder was the result of Spanish sloth and knavery.—Instead of scuttling the two powder vessels containing the entire ammunition of the French fleet, they had thought proper to set them on fire. The result was, the destruction of two British gunboats, and the loss of three or four of their crews.

Having fired the trains under his care, and executed the various charges at the dock-yard, Sir S——y ordered us all into our boats once more, and led the way to the basin; on the eastern side. Here we were to have set on fire five or six ships of the line: one of eighty guns, and another of a hundred and twenty, which the Spaniards had pretended they were unable to burn. Had they been crammed with powder, and lying in the centre of our fleet, less difficulty would perhaps have been found by our trusty and well beloved allies.

The first obstacle that presented itself to our progress was the large boom swung across the

entrance, and chained. This we vainly strove to disengage, though subject all the while to the most destructive fire of musketry, from such of the republicans as had already entered the town, in front of which we were now lying. Some of us tried to row directly over the spar, and were nearly swamped in the attempt; others dashing at it, to break the chains if possible by main force, promised fair to stave in their boats' bows; when Sir S——y, seeing that the thing was impracticable, ordered us to desist and follow him towards two of the French line. These were lying nearly abreast of the basin, in a detached position; and being filled with prisoners, had not of course been fired. Having, in common with the other vessels, been deprived of their ammunition, they were unable to commit any aggression, but had nevertheless refused to surrender up their ships. By this time, however, they had felt enough of such a hot fire to jump at our commander's humane offer of a safe landing. Setting to with a will, therefore, we soon cleared

their decks of live lumber, and consigned them a further prey to the never satiated god of fire.

Our efforts in the glorious work of devastation were now nearly completed; and I, having just landed my last cargo of French prisoners outside the eastern pier of the basin, was about to return on board, when there suddenly sprang upon us, from the shadow in which he had been concealed, a poor wretch—more like an envoy from the lower regions than anything I ever yet beheld! His eyes were starting out of his head with the most ghastly horror, his woolly scalp was gashed in every direction and running with blood, and his clothes so hacked and hewed, that they streamed in tatters from his lacerated body. This object, which was indeed a poor unhappy negro, flung himself on his knees before me, and wringing his hands, which contained a broken swordhilt, yelled forth in accents of agony and despair, "O venez, Monsieur Anglois! venez, pour la grace de Dieu! Me massa—him murdered—me massa—sa femme—sa fille." I waited for no

more.—Fired by the object kneeling at my feet and roused by the mention of such names — I thought of a mother and a sister; ties on which I had often loved to muse, but never had been blessed to know! Turning to my crew with feelings that denied me utterance, I could only wave my sword as a signal for them to follow, and sprang on.

Perhaps I did more by this simple action—the result of impulse which had outstripped discretion,—than if I had made them the most studied harangue; for seemingly impressed with the importance of the service which only permitted such a summons, my brave fellows were in an instant around me, their bright cutlasses beaming aloft in the light of the surrounding conflagration, and their active steps keeping well up with the fear-winged feet of our sable guide.

After darting through three or four small streets, deserted by all, save the dead and dying over whom we trod, a sudden angle brought us full upon a small mob, composed chiefly of the liberated galley slaves and other refuse of the people.

They were surrounding what appeared to have been but lately a noble mansion. It was now, however, tenanted by guests of the same description as those who strove outside. From the higher tier of windows, the flames were bursting in uncontrolled emulation of the scene afloat, while from the lower story, the demons of the hour were hurling to the ground, the costly and splendid furniture that, but a few hours previous, had conduced to the comfort of a family, rich in honour, wealth, and rank. Where were we to look for the late happy owners of this devastated palace? They were yet warm upon its threshold!

Prostrate on the last flight of steps leading to the entrance door, and supported by a little pyramid of slain, formed by his trusty servants, we found Don L * *, pierced with fifty wounds. His wife had swooned upon the body, and the excess of light discovered to our view the figure of a young female. Half beaten to the ground beneath her father's portal, her knee resting on the body of her mother, whose head she endeavoured

to shield with one arm, while a small poignard glittered in the other, we arrived just in time to see a ferocious and blood-stained slave, wrench from her ear the gem that tempted his cupidity. "Huzza" was the spontaneous cry which burst from one and all, as we sprang like tigers on our prey. In another instant, I felt—with a joy on which I will not dwell—the gliding of my sword through the villain's neck, and pressing down the body with my foot, received the falling form of her whose life I saved.—

What was the rapture of that moment!—It left its trace upon the crowded acts of after life! Scarcely known to him who felt its influence, and never by mere words to be recorded! Many men have thrilled under the effect of beauty to whose superior charms the admiring gaze of a surrounding crowd has borne convincing testimony; many may have trembled beneath the magic of her eye, backed by the ringing plaudits of an audience, or other undisputed testimony of pre-eminence in the eyes of the world; but if there be one who, fired with sights of slaughter, and stung to the last pitch of daring and excitement, has been at

once its rescuer and its victim, when gleaming forth, amid scenes of unmitigated carnage and despair,—to him I leave the imagination of all I felt. Yes!—as those full and dazzling arms so lately nerved with superhuman heroism, hung lifeless round my neck, I felt that I would not have bartered my fair prize for all the world contained.

To lift my lovely burden up, and bear her back towards the boat, before the rallying of the crowd we had put to flight, was the work of an instant. Then pointing out the bodies of Don L * * and his wife to my crew, I offered a reward of ten guineas to any man who would bring either of them to the boat—"Will Watch, you lead the way to the shore, as the negro points it out.—Royal, my fine fellow, do you bring up the rear; but don't get involved with the villains if it can be helped."

We now set off with all the haste we could possibly make, but I soon found, light as was the weight I carried, it was taxing my strength to the utmost;—I would not, however, yield the honour or share it with any one. Soon I felt the poor

girl struggling faintly in my arms, as her lips murmured some indistinguishable words.—At this instant we were hurrying past a little cabaret, and pointing it out to one of the men whom I could trust, I said, "Brandy." The faithful fellow darted aside, and by the time we had gained sight of the boat, he had procured the desired cordial.

Hitherto, every step of our way had been fraught with the most imminent peril.—The shouting of the baffled mob who followed in our rear, the falling of the shells in our path, and the rebounding of the cannon shot which clattered about in all directions, often covering us with rubbish struck from the adjoining houses, together with the fearful yells of the fugitives, whose flying footsteps were dogged by the revengeful republicans, all combined to give us a taste of the horrors of the town, different from, it is true, but not less frightful, than those we had left afloat.

To the last, however, we were glad enough to return; and succeeded in shoving off our barge, just as the bloodthirsty wretches from whose fangs

we had escaped, rushed down to the beach in tenfold numbers. Being chiefly armed with poles, pikes, and iron bars, they found us beyond their reach, and were obliged to content themselves with the most horrible imprecations, and—like other and less culpable savages—with a shower of stones. When these came rattling into the boat, we replied by a shout of laughter, and as no one was seriously hurt, scarcely took any further notice than that of rowing off to the fleet as quickly as possible.

My first thought was now to pour a little brandy down the throats of my new friends,—but Don L * * had, alas! bade a final adieu, alike to human friendship or enmity! In the other three cases, however, that of the mother, the daughter, and the poor negro, the spirit was, indeed, *eau de vie;* and having reserved sufficient for their use, I distributed the rest among my men. They had, in truth, richly earned it, and thus refreshed, the faithful followers of my night's adventures, gave cheerily out towards the combined line, without any of us seeming to heed the still continued fire

from the surrounding forts of the victorious yet disappointed foe.

On reaching the old Briton, we were, however, so much exhausted that we could scarcely crawl up the side. I nevertheless saw my charge safely on board, and then hastened to report myself to Captain Burgos. A great number of the Toulonese were already on board, but with his usual kindness he instantly gave up his inner cabin to the wounded lady and her daughter. Then, after commending in his own queer way my conduct throughout "the various and complicated duties of the siege," he told me that I had fully earned my epaulette, and that he hoped soon to see me wearing it.

I own I felt gratified at this assurance of having done my duty, but with regard to my promotion, the good old admiral had promised that I should get that as speedily as it was possible to be obtained; and I confess that I often felt a painful sensation, not far from self-humiliation, as I jostled against old, able, and experienced midshipmen, over whose heads I knew that I was to be

rapidly passed, simply because fortuitous connexion on my part, outweighed long neglected worth on theirs. In order, therefore, to avoid the heart-burnings which I saw this occasion would produce among others, I preserved the most unbroken silence on my own expectations: and thus leaving the outcry to the moment of offence, I gained many as friends, who would otherwise have been enemies. Two or three of their number I afterwards had the good fortune to serve.

However, to return:—after receiving the encomium of Captain Burgos, I sought the surgeon,—he was, however, busy with the Spanish lady, and the assistant having assured me that Don L * * had been dead for the last hour and a half, it was thought advisable to read a prayer over the body and commit it to the deep, to which boundless tomb it was soon followed by the faithful negro, who, on the succeeding night, died of his wounds. On the ensuing morning, Captain Burgos repaired on board from the admiral with sailing orders. The Briton having been much damaged during the siege, and being otherwise in great need of

thorough repairs, we were ordered to convey home the transports containing the sick and wounded, and for this purpose, at twenty minutes past eleven, we filled and bore away.

Thus ended the memorable and much abused assumption and evacuation of Toulon. It was my first initiation into the grand art and mystery of war, and in truth it may be considered to have been no poor one, when we remember that the words of the commission generally ran,—"*To burn,—blast,—sink,—and destroy!*"

I have often thought too, with a feeling somewhat allied to pride, that this was the only theatre in which were ever personally engaged four men, whose fates in after life, continued at cross-issue to the last: — namely, Captain Elphinstone, (afterwards Lord Keith,) Sir S——y S——th, Napoleon Buonaparte, and Captain Horatio Nelson. The last officer, it is true, had no opportunity of distinguishing himself at this juncture; since the Agamemnon was despatched on a special mission to Naples, soon after the arrival of Lord Hood off the port.

The favourite son of Fortune had now first begun to be owned by his capricious parent; and we all had to bow to his genius. Too soon, however, were her smiles changed to frowns; and he lived long enough to afford to each and all, a separate and sufficient triumph!—Of these, I am sorry to say, that of my old commander, Lord Keith, was the most vindictive and ungenerous!

CHAPTER IV.

During the time I had been at Toulon, I had received more than one letter from the "Folly": they were always expressive of the utmost kindness, and contained whatever news happened to be going. From these, I learnt that Lord Howe had sailed on the 14th of the preceding July, from St. Helen's: having under his command the channel fleet, amounting to fifteen sail of the line. Cruising off Belle-Isle on the 31st, he here, for a short time, fell in with the first republican French fleet which had appeared at sea.

His lordship, it seems, after vainly endeavouring to bring on an engagement, cast anchor in Torbay on the 10th of August; while the French, who were commanded by M. Morard-de-Galles, and enumerated seventeen sail of the line, were

compelled, by a mutiny in their fleet, to return into Brest. The existence of this fleet naturally gave rise to much speculation in the minds of us young aspirants for naval glory, and having recently demolished one in the very ports of the enemy, we began to calculate on the chances of destroying another upon the open sea.

In the meanwhile, the two unhappy cabin passengers, whose lives I had been the means of preserving in so strange a manner, gradually rallied from the dreadful load that bade so fair to weigh them down, and in return for the little service I had been so fortunate as to render them, frequently requested that the captain would allow them to send for me. The after-cabin having been divided into two, by a curtain, the mother, who had not yet recovered from the wounds of that dreadful night, emerged towards evening, from the recess in which her cot was suspended; and being gently laid on a sofa by the window, indulged herself with gazing out upon the sea, over whose waves, the setting sun poured its rich flood of crimson and of gold.

At these times it was but too easy to perceive how deeply she brooded over her recent losses. As the tears trickled slowly down a face where the twilight of beauty was yet lingering, she would frequently exclaim—" Why meddle—why have rendered thyself obnoxious—why have espoused the cause of a family from whom thou hadst suffered nothing but wrong!"—as if she shared the sentiment of the sorrowing spouse of Protesilaus—" Hèi mihi, quàm multis flebilis ultor eris!"

But, alas! with her it was no longer the future she dreaded, but the past which she deplored; and in vain might she try—now that the blow was struck—to comfort herself with the sophistries of him who said " Celui qui dans l' ordre civil veut conserver la primauté des sentimens de la nature, ne sait ce qu'il veut. Toujours en contradiction avec lui-meme, toujours flottant entre ses penchants et ses devoirs, il ne sera jamais ni homme ni citoyen; il ne sera bon ni pour lui ni pour les autres."—No, rather would she have exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, " Ces deux mots, *patrie* et *citoyen*, doivent être effacés des langues mo-

dernes," and have added perhaps, in the true spirit of feminine argument, "J'en sais bien la raison, mais Je ne veux pas la dire."

Freedom ought indeed to be precious! for by what tremendous struggles is it gained!—Ill would it become any Englishman to speak slightingly of revolutions—one to whose political happiness so many convulsions have contributed their share; but when, with a heart in unison with humanity, we witness the individual suffering with which the benefit of the many is accomplished, we cannot help feeling more touched by the solitary case of woe, than by the weightier but more distant claims of aggregated happiness.

For some time after they had learnt the decease of Don L * *, both mother and daughter seemed heedless to what clime or country we might bear them; while we, on our part, had no choice to offer. From the hour of their arrival on board, till some days after we had left the fleet, they continued in a state which precluded the intrusion of any questions. We only felt that the deepest distress had thrown them upon our protection, and

without knowing whether the incoherent ravings of their slave had been correct, we gave them all that it was in our power to bestow, a shelter and a home.

By degrees, as the energies of the daughter rallied, the shyness at first observable in her character wore away; and finding—as what mind does not!—the necessity of friendship in affliction, her heart naturally expanded towards one whose years very nearly approached her own, and whose feelings offered that degree of congeniality, which ever produces the strongest tie. To these were added impulses more powerful than all—gratitude and pity. With a veil so soft as these, thrown over all she said or did, it seemed as natural in Cornelia (for so I shall call her, though this was not her name,—that, alas, poor girl, can matter little now) —it seemed as natural, I say, in Cornelia to confide, as in Charles Arran to sympathize.

I soon learnt her history: one peculiarly calculated to make an impression on the mind. Her father was a Spaniard of high rank and considerable possessions in Andalusia; in the capital of which province she was born. At an early age he

had espoused her surviving parent, daughter of the then French Ambassador at Madrid. This connexion adding to his influence at court, finally secured to him a rich governorship, together with an important part in the administration, and other honours. Being, however, of a proud and unbending, though honourable disposition, as well as extremely irascible, he soon got deeply involved in the political intrigues of the day, and coming under the notice of the inquisition, was obliged to fly for his life. By the exertion of great interest, he managed to preserve his property from confiscation, and converting it into money, purchased a beautiful estate in Provence; vowing in his anger, never again to behold his native land.

Of too active a mind to find happiness in the unsullied flow of a country life, and of too haughty a temperament to be seen at Paris in the character of what he considered a fallen man, the atmosphere of a city seemed nevertheless essential to his happiness. He, therefore, purchased and fitted up a superb mansion at Toulon—the sad destruction of which I had witnessed.—Here, during

nine months of the year, he was in the habit of residing.

None of human mould are exempted from misfortunes; but few seem to be more severe than the unhappy habit possessed by many people, of converting private acquaintance into public enemies. This, it is true, will occasionally happen to the mildest; for acquaintance is after all, but a worthless selfish grade, between the stranger and the friend; tolerated but for our convenience, and continued but for their's.—However, not to be too harsh upon "poor humanity"—in other words, ourselves—it will suffice to say, that her father soon procured for himself many "well wishers"; that is, people who wished him well in heaven, but wanted as little as possible of his society on earth.

Nor had the numbers of these good people been diminished by the active part he had taken in surrendering up the port to the English. Having, on his return from one of the loyal committees, been mobbed, and severely beaten, he was attacked by a violent fever, and confined to his bed.

Hurried from this, in a state hardly convalescent, to prepare for the sudden evacuation of the town, and save what wreck of property yet remained to him, he hardly knew which way to turn.

His new estates in Provence were hastily made over to a republican, for one twentieth of their value; and with a few bills on London, he only waited for the cover of night, to seek protection on board the nearest British man of war. This, however, we have already seen was not to be: his life and death seeming to point him out, as one of a class too often met—men whose whole existence has been one continuous mistake.

Whose is the blame? Not Nature's, but the man's.—He who will not bound his desires, must be limited in his happiness. Let him who makes the choice, repine not at the result. He should remember, with the prince of moral philosophers*, "Quod satis est, cui contigit, nihil amplius optet."

The saddest part of his story, however, yet remains for our consideration. His wife and child! —Nursed in splendour, and hitherto ignorant of

* Horace, Lib. 1. Epist. II. 46.

aught belonging to misfortune, save its name—how was the cruel blast of adversity to be averted from them?—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is the divine expression of Sterne, and in this was their only hope.—The pocket book containing the English bills had been found on the person of the unhappy Spaniard, and if their amount—a hundred and forty thousand francs—should be duly paid on presentation, it would at least preserve them from want; though it could not fail to expose them in such a country as England, to the pangs of comparative poverty.

Respecting the payment of these, I had my fears; but was sure that on our arrival at Spithead, the benevolent admiral would insist on affording them a temporary asylum, until the final arrangement of their affairs. In this scheme too I contemplated—I know not why—the gratification which Cornelia's society would afford to him. Her passionate regard would, I was assured, be instantly won by the noble character of the old veteran; on whose warm heart, disappointment's icy finger, had left just shade sufficient to bring out all its beauties with

a tenfold light.—So gentle, yet so deep, she seemed some lovely flower of the desert;—her beauties owing all to Nature's culture, and her faults, if such she had, mere imperfections of that soil which alone could have given birth to charms like her's.

Timid and shrinking, in the ordinary transactions of life, yet fearless in acting the part which she had once conceived to be right; averse to the society of the many, but devoted where her affections were once excited; singularly mistrustful of her opinion and attractions, yet uniting every variety of information and accomplishment with a person the most fascinating, the superficial frivolity of her mother came not near her; while from her father, she did but inherit the pride that would have aimed at conceiving what was great.—The genius, and the courage which ensure its execution, were all her own. Such is a faint—unworthy outline of Cornelia—to love her was fatal; but to see her—was, alas, to love!

Absorbed in the host of new and delightful emotions, of which the lovely Spaniard had

become the vertex, there was one bereavement which fell upon me comparatively unfelt.—But one brief month before, and I could not have believed it!—But some brief months to come, and how bitterly did I reproach myself with the fact!

If ever I was acquainted with one of my own sex whom I might call "a beloved friend," it was Miles.—Some hasty words uttered by the first lieutenant, coupled with the circumstance of the ship being about to return to England, had induced him to effect an exchange with one of the * * 's; which ship was to remain with Lord Hood; and thus in the hopes of a speedy meeting, and with many mutual assurances of regard, we parted.

The young officer whom we received in Miles's stead, was a tall fine looking fellow; but there was in his dark countenance something to which I vainly endeavoured to reconcile myself. His family had originally been partly of Spanish blood, and still possessed, we were told, some property on the Biscayan coast. From the first hour of his joining he either felt or affected—too well I

now know which—a deep friendship for myself. But I had already been too much deceived on this score to take so readily again. Still there was something about Kerslake's manner, which, though you did not like the man, still left you with the idea that you were flattered by his regard. This feeling it was, which prevented his being shaken off by any one on whom he had fixed for a victim. Moreover, I knew nothing of his principles, these he ever kept in the greatest obscurity, and from these I had been taught, and too bitterly had learned, that every true inference of character was to be drawn.

At the mouth of the channel we encountered a severe north-easterly gale, which not only delayed us on our passage, but by the buffeting which it gave us, opened our seams to such a degree, that Captain Burgos thought it most prudent to put into Plymouth, and get them caulked. I never complain of any mischance which presents new objects to my view. I was sufficiently glad, therefore, of the opportunity which enabled me to see this sea-port; so infinitely preferable to Portsmouth.

On arriving in the Sound—which, though somewhat exposed, is still a noble anchorage—Joe seemed quite at home, and with much delight, and no slight self-importance, pointed out whatever was notable; not failing to include in the list, the famous freehold, by which "he and Sir John St. —— owned the whole of Dock." Of this, however, I was afterwards favoured with a nearer view; as Joe, on the first day that we had sufficient time after landing the captain, pulled round to Mutton Cove, and thence dragged me to the spot.

It was a house certainly—I must say that for the corporal, but at the same time, for my own credit, I must say no more.—Joe, somewhat surprised on beholding it, seemed to think with me, that it was rather in want of repairs.

"That 's the worst, Sir," said he, "of household property.—Tenants always wanting something or another—pulls as much money out of the landlord's pocket, almost as it puts in, and when a man doesn't live nigh handy to his estate, as ye may say, 'tis worse and worse." To crown it

all, we entered the edifice, and found that it had been underlet during its owner's absenteeism; and that to occupants of a very peculiar class.

A master chimney-sweep and his subordinate imps were the residents. On ascertaining such a degrading fact, I thought the honest corporal would have gone out of his senses—I never saw him in such a passion before nor since.—He stamped and swore, and knocked everything about, right and left, declaring his fixed resolution of hurling "every stick out of the windows";—there was only one in the house that I could see—and apprehending that he would attempt to put this threat into execution, despite of the buzzing and resistance of the hive now swarming around him, I rushed into the street in a fit of laughter.

I had not proceeded far on my road, when I was joined by Royal, who it seems had partly come to himself, and after a long oration—on what particular subject I could not exactly comprehend, concluded with—"So I beg, Mr. Charles, you won't go for to say a word of this to the

admiral.—He's such a plaguy long memory, he'd be sure never to forget it—and 'tis awkward enough already as it is, you may see."

"Yes, it certainly is, corporal, as you say."

"No, not so awkward either, because if *they* hadn't got in, there might have been something worse."

"Well, that's a consolation to be sure!"

"No, not such a consolation either—for I'd rather have had something worse if you could find it, sooner than such varmint as that—but you see, if you let it out to the admiral, I shall never be able to say a word to him without hearing of it, and he's bad enough as it is already; and he wants bringing to occasionally when he's forging a head, I can tell ye."

On my giving a conditional promise, however, the old fellow went off satisfied, and took such steps on the ensuing day, as left him an empty house, for the repairs of which he gave the necessary orders, with all the consequence of one born a householder.

In a few days we were enabled to sail for Spithead. Having communicated to Captain Burgos my designs on the "Folly", he settled his fair passengers, now nearly recovered, at a hotel, until such time as I could obtain the admiral's answer. For this purpose I lost no time in presenting myself before my revered old friend. At the moment of my arrival, I was sorry to hear that he was busy with one of the disciples of Galen. My fears were however quickly dispelled by hearing him cry out in a loud hearty tone, as he recognized my voice in the passage,—

"Charles, my boy! what home again?—In with ye—in with ye here—make sail!"

I accordingly entered, and found the admiral's wrist between the fingers of his attendant, an old shipmate who resided near the Folly, and deemed the admiral's occasional fees no disagreeable addition to his half-pay.

"Well, doctor, what d'ye say to it?—is it a good pulse?"

"Yes, admiral, a very good pulse."

"What, doctor, a full and soft pulse?—Not wiry, eh?"

"Just so, admiral, very soft, and quite full enough for your age, Sir."

"Why— — ye Sir! Ugh, ugh!—I was going to swear at ye—musn't swear, Charles—why ye unmannered dog! for what age d'ye take me—the age of Methusaleh! Why you old filler of gallipots and roller of pills, I'm only just seventy-three!—Hah!—there 's that old fellow Royal just walked in: I heard his footstep—swear to it among a thousand—walks like a whale—where's your hand, Royal?" extending his own to grasp that of the corporal.—"How d'ye weather it, ye old horse, eh? So, so, doctor, stay a moment. Don't trip just this instant"—catching the doctor's preparatory sounds for starting. "So ye think it's a good pulse, eh?—Doesn't intermit at all, I hope, does it?"

"Oh no, admiral, capital pulse as you could wish to have."

"Ah, I'm glad of it—glad of it, doctor—you

wouldn't advise my proceeding with the carminative, eh, would ye, doctor?"

"Why, that's just as you may feel inclined—I wouldn't have recourse to it unless those dyspeptic symptoms return—at present you've capital health you know, admiral."

"I'm very glad to hear ye say so—very—well, good b'ye!—Hope I mayn't see your face for a month. *See?* what—old fool!—what am I talking of—with you young fellows round me, I forget I'm blind!—Well, well, one leg in the grave, and both my eyes,—can't hold out much longer!" and with a mournful shake of the head, at strange variance with his pertinacity on the score of age, he slipped his usual two guineas into his attendant's hand, and allowed him to depart.

I was now called upon to tell my story since my last departure, which I did, and after the admiral had shared in all my dangers, exulted in my triumphs, and sympathized with me in the misfortunes of those for whom I wished to interest him,—he heard my final proposal in dead silence,

then after assuming a very severe aspect for some minutes—said, " Corporal Royal."

" Sir?"

" Call a council of war."

Finding that some new operation was to be carried into effect, I sat quite still, imagining, and rightly, that this would be the wisest proceeding. The corporal, having on the receipt of his master's order arisen and departed, soon returned leading in his better half. My lady-housekeeper, attired in a manner sufficiently gay, paid her respects to me, and then curtseying low, as was her custom to the blind admiral, took up her position behind his chair; on the back of which she leant. Dickson and the corporal stood at ease upon my right, and thus the party fronting the open window in a semicircle, and facing the quarter-deck, formed the " council of war."

" Mrs. Royal," commenced the admiral, and then followed the whole of my story, somewhat abbreviated, it is true, but nevertheless brought up to the very point of my rescuing the fair Spaniards.

—" Now, d'ye see, Mrs. Royal," he continued, " d'ye see that Mr. Arran wants to bring them here, till such time as their affairs are somewhat arranged. What d'ye say to it, Mrs. Royal?"

" Why your honour, I say that if the poor creatures can come here after all their misfortunes," with a sob, " we ought to be happy and glad to have them."

" Ay, ay, glad enough I suppose! Devil a doubt of it!—But, if you please, don't begin to cry about the matter, for that, I take it, is unnecessary; seeing, if ye do, I can't do less than cry for company—and my old eyes have had their ports boused in too long, to let the water out easily. D'ye think, Ma'am, there's accommodation on board?"

" Lor! bless ye, admiral, what are ye talking of? when there's the whole of the upstairs floor—saving your honour's bed room—quite unoccupied, three drawing rooms, and I don't know what beside."

" What, ye mean the admiral's cabin?"

" Yes, Sir, the same."

"Then why don't ye speak so that I can understand ye?—Well, then, there's stowage for them, is there?"

"Plenty, your honour."

"Humph!—Well, Mr. Charles, and how long do these craft of yours intend to stay."

"I should think not long, Sir!" I replied, rather vexed at having started a subject which seemed so full of objection; "some short time."

"Ay, ay—a 'short time'!—Months, I suppose—ten or twelve months—'a short time'!—Long enough, I dare say, to talk me to death—women talk so!—D'ye think they talk much?—Wait—let me see; why they're foreigners, d'ye say? What language do they talk?"

"French, Sir."

"French, psha!—Bah!—How are we to get on? Who's to understand them?"

"Why you talk French yourself, admiral, and Dickson knows enough of the language to interpret their orders."

"One consolation, sha'n't have much to say to

them. Interpreters!—See how 'twill be—the old ship turned into a second Babel!—But I say, Master Charles, I hope they're not Frenchwomen! because if they are, I'll be——"

"Why, have I not told you, Sir, that the father was a Spaniard, and the daughter born in Andalusia?"

"Well, well, that's something better; and now d'ye think, Mrs. Royal, if I have them here, that ye'll be able to keep the peace together, because, d'ye see, fighting or squabbling is a direct breach of the articles of war, and I won't have all the women in the fleet draughted on board my ship, to be wrangling and caterwauling like cats on a house-top, subverting all good discipline and every thing else. Well, well, if ye think ye can agree, ye may take back my launch—close carriage I suppose ye call it—and tell them that Phil Fluke will be happy to do his best and make them comfortable for the time being. D'ye mark me, only the time being. None of your long tailed invitations now, from new year to Christmas. I'm an

old fellow and can't stand it; but for the time, ye may say—I'll—I'll be very happy. Ugh, ugh, ugh, —what liars we are upon occasions! Egad if I didn't think such a speech would have choked me! Royal, order my gig, I must take a little air after it. There, start with ye, Master Charles! You dog! you've brought me into a pretty pickle; so now see if ye can't bring your craft back in time for dinner: and bring Burgos with ye, by the by, and the first lieutenant, and the surgeon, and—and—and any other fellow who happens to have a good knack of getting his jawing tacks well aboard. There'll be a famine of talk in the ship before long, I see it clearly."

"Ay, ay, Sir," and I moved to depart.

"Mrs. Royal," whispered the admiral. The good lady put her head down, while the veteran, ignorant of my hearing him, enquired—"What d'ye think they'll say to this in the neighbourhood?"

"Why, what they ought, admiral?—that 'tis the kindest thing ye can do, and just like yourself."

"Humph, not so sure of that! If they do—fools for their pains—most cursedly unlike myself, I can tell you! —— Mrs. Royal."

"Sir?"

"Shift my cot and traps down here into the ward-room; and sling it in what I call my secretary's cabin."

"Pooh, Sir! pack o' nonsense."

"Do it, woman, I say — so no more about that. — Royal, is my gig ready?" and starting up with more energy than I had ever seen him use before, he felt his way to the window with his cane, and getting into his chair, drove off.

In due time the fair refugees came. Contrary to my fears, the admiral received them with the greatest kindness, and as Cornelia had, on the the voyage, learnt sufficient English to understand the admiral's meaning—which he assisted with all the French remaining in his vocabulary—he soon grew so much attached to his attentive companion, that before I again sailed from Spithead, I believe he would almost as soon have lost a limb as have parted with her.

Owing to circumstances, we were again much sooner at sea than I had expected, or, if I must confess my feelings—than I wished. Having arrived at Spithead, just at the time when Lord Howe was mustering his channel squadrons, Captain Burgos received orders to put himself under his lordship's command; whereas we had expected to have been sent back to join Lord Hood in the Mediterranean.

We were not, however, much affected either with joy or grief at this; since, if we lost a pleasant station, we had the greater chance of falling in with the French fleet, which I have already mentioned, as encountered by Lord Howe in the Bay of Biscay. It was then, as I have said, commanded by M. Morard-de-Galles. His lordship, in November, had fallen in with another squadron under M. Vanstabel; but in either case his foes had proved too nimble for him, and in December he anchored at Spithead.

As his fleet was expected to sail somewhat earlier than it did, and the Briton would scarcely have been ready, a new ship which had just been

put in commission, and was at a stand still for want of hands, was ordered to receive our officers and ship's company, while her former complement was to be turned over into the Briton. By the time that the old craft was refitted, it was hoped that the captain would have succeeded in getting a crew. He had not the best of names as an agreeable officer, and it was whispered that this was the reason of his ship remaining unmanned.

Being then thus turned over into our new vessel, which I shall call the Rutland, we soon had her ready for sea, and on the 2nd of May, forming one of the grand channel fleet, finally made sail from St. Helen's. * * *

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CHAPTER V.

———Life is a bore!—Life, I say, Charles Arran, is a bore! Ah, me! it is a bore of which we are neither the cause nor the masters; which we are unable to endure without pain, or terminate without fear.

Cato! you *were* wrong in your finale—but you were a heathen, and a pagan, and had not the opportunity of fructifying under my revered friend Dr. B——. Meek, unassuming man, and self-denying prelate that he is!—We do not fall upon our swords now-a-day, but are daily and hourly killed by an internal fiend, preying upon our souls: arraying the past with reproaches, the future with gloom, and the present with disgust—and why?—Ah, why?—Alas! why, to man's other griefs, was added that of being the most perfect of

eudiometers? O ye Stoici of Athens! had the Euroaquilinary blast by which I am now buffeted, but deigned to howl for a few hours in your porch of disputation, ye would have thought with me, that there are some ills of the human frame, as little to be alleviated, as they are to be defined.

I therefore, candidly, tell you from the throne, whoever you may be, that I am not, and will not be answerable for any freak, whim, or fancy, that I may hereafter take into my aching head, or display upon my eccentric pages.—I have hitherto gone on very doucely and soberly, giving a full, true, and particular account—But we are slaves no more!——

—Flinging away all bonds, I pronounce to you that I must and will break loose; and whether you may give me any credit for the steadiness hitherto preserved, I neither know nor care—I'll take it!—

Do you imagine that looking forward through the dim vista of years to come, that my cold and ghastly sleep will be disturbed by your anger?—nor—kind as your heart may be, can it be soothed by your praise!—Though you are as lovely as the

moon in midnight heaven—alas, you cannot lighten up the visionless reveries of the dead!—Before your beaming eye runs over this minglement of mirth and bitterness, mine must be crumbling in its sightless orbit;—the bosom in which are warring ten thousand hopes and fears, must then be a deserted chamber: its wishes, if unbounded once, will no longer fill the narrow vault in which it moulders, while every trace of the bounding flood by which it was once animated, will then have melted into nothingness—and—all that sort of thing!—This, this is humanity!—well, well, I'll not be sad; God knows I've had enough of that.—Where was I?—O!—we sailed—ah, I do remember, and like some burst of music heard—no matter when—

—Every one admits the feelings of the moment to be the truest—an old journal lies before me, in which seems to have been kept a sort of isolated diary of the events following at this period, and till the weather moderates, let these speak for themselves.—

"2nd of May, 1794. Sailed from St. Helen's, under the command of Lord Howe—never so

touched by any warlike display before—no, not even the sacking of Toulon. Is it possible I ever may be so again?—well, I know not—how ardently do I long for the lapse of a few brief years—a poor part of the play and subordinate's faith—were it not for the dear old admiral's interest, I should be heart broken with despair! My soul quite bounds within me when thinking of the short space which may see me in possession of at least a frigate of my own. Then, then, then—pause, Charles Arran, in your exultation! remember you are the adopted of misfortune!

"No less than thirty-four sail of the line compose our fleet; together with fifteen or sixteen frigates, and small craft, accompanied by a convoy of one hundred vessels—truly the sight is superb! and forms, I believe, one of the largest fleets which England has ever sent to sea! What may we not do? When one beholds such an armament as this, confided to one man's command, it is not difficult to account for, and is surely but charitable in some measure to pardon, that feeling of pride, which is so apt to grow upon the hearts of naval

officers! This but too soon begets a habit of domination, which I am convinced is not less baneful to the service of the sovereign than it is irritating to the feelings of the junior officers.

"A splendid profession will be the navy, when the influence of gradual improvement reaches this deep-seated evil. But it has been shamefully neglected by the country whose only support it proves. Defrauded of their due share of public honours themselves, our chief commanders have, in their turn, only sought to rule by one of the two *modi regendi.*—SEVERITY—Everything is to be done *under pain of*—death! The kindness they have never experienced, they know not how to employ, and have long since flung it by, for the good sense of some future age to appreciate. Surely this cannot fail to happen!

"—Splendid passage down the channel. Fleet hove-to off the Lizard—parted with our convoys, and detached Admiral Montague with eight sail of the line and six frigates, to see them fairly across the Bay of Biscay; after which he is to consign them to the care of Captain Rainier, with

two line of battle ships. Dined in the ward-room. Captain Burgos a guest there—discussion turned on the war—its continuance promising to be of great length—what damage we had effected against France during last year. The affair of Toulon reconsidered — much praise bestowed on Sir Edward Pellew's gallant action; in which he took the Cleopatre with the Nymphe. Questioned whether Sir James Saumarez had fairly earned his knighthood by capturing the Reunion with the Crescent; nem. con., knighthood most fairly earned. These two knighthoods seem to have infused new vigour and ambition into your race of frigate captains—be one I hope myself soon—eh? not so bad that. Captain Nelson of the Agamemnon much commended in an affair with five of the enemy's frigates—beaten off.

"'Ah,' said Burgos, 'more stuff in that little fellow than you'd think; that is when I say stuff —mean nothing of the sort—hasn't an ounce of flesh in his whole body, but still there's more—there's more in him than a stouter man, d'ye comprehend?' Captain disappointed by the non-ar-

rival of a cousin, severely wounded at the taking of Tobago, in April of last year. He was to have arrived in England to join us from the West Indies — odd preference of the captain for that station. The importance of the surrender of Jeremie and Cape Nicholas, in the island of St. Domingo, considered. The disheartening effects upon British naval officers, when they behold our West India islands, which we have taken at the cost of so much blood, given up at the end of each war, with as little consideration as if they had been bought for barley sugar.—Not pleasant certainly.

"Very interesting discussion respecting the French privateer Dumourier, which, together with her prize, a Spanish galleon from Lima, had been captured by Sir John Gell. Sir John, forming a part of Lord Hood's Toulon fleet, had preceded us from Spithead, and taken the Dumourier on his way out. Prize supposed altogether to be worth half a million—likely to be condemned—Spanish galleon and all—merchants at Madrid in great wrath—let them fight it out then!

"Fleet reduced to twenty-six sail of the line, besides frigates and small craft. Off Ushant—French fleet at anchor in Brest-road. Symptoms of coming on to blow a little.—Hope not. Stood away to fall in with the French convoy expected from America; supposed to be laden with stores, &c., &c.,—all that's nice! The caterer of the mess—his dreams quite disturbed by the thoughts of it—said to consist of more than three hundred sail—France quite hard up for it.—Do Johnny Crapeau out of it yet.—Charitable!

"18th.—Here we are, cruising about yet—no convoy—nothing in the berth but salt-horse; rather hard up ourselves, I think.—Dined with the captain—stand-up pocket-knife dinner, as usual! cold leg of mutton—cold plum-pudding.—Quite a chance! Captain sported some very fine raw onions, and some very good claret.—Tasted better tho' in 'auld Reekie' before now—shall I ever see the old place again?—God knows—Quo fugies? Nescio.

"19th.—Brest roads discovered to be empty—bah! thus the fox escapes the lion's paw.

—But we'll have him yet!—H.M.S. Venus joined the fleet in the evening, from Admiral Montagu's squadron. Nearly dusk when she made her number.—Rather late, Mam!—'Tam Venus otia amat,' as Ovid says—Caught spouting by the captain standing behind.—Translation of the sentence demanded from the surgeon.—"'Tam'—thus, 'Venus'—Venus, 'amat'—loves, 'otia'—the ocean."

"'Devilish good motto!' said Burgos—'Mem' said I—skill in the languages of the dead not at all necessary to cure the living!—whispered the surgeon his mistake — Doctor sherried below. "Ecce fugax Parthus, magni nova causa triumphi."—Told the captain of his blunder—any thing but magnanimous, and very wrong—couldn't help it!—can't afford to lose a joke at sea.

"Never be ashamed of your ignorance, unless you wish to keep it—always confess, as I do.—First lieutenant asked me if I knew it was my watch? Told him no—found it was—'Go to the mast-head for not doing your duty,'—so much

for jokes!—weather aloft cool and refreshing—much sustained by the captain's claret—called down in two hours—hint from the captain to the first luff—Burgos a capital fellow!—first luff not bad—bating certain high notions of elevating his friends—I'm a humble youth—Laissez moi, Monsieur!—Something in the wind—Went on board the Admiral with the skipper, in his barge; heard the news—Admiral Montagu's squadron said to be in danger from the Brest fleet, under M. Villaret. Fleet made all sail just before daylight to get to his relief—steering West, and West by South.

"Morning of the 21st, fell in with a detachment of a Dutch convoy, late French prizes of M. Villaret.—Removed men and cargo, and burnt ten or a dozen sail,—grilled for the Admiral's breakfast—not bad eating—ribs and trucks, indeed! as we say at Florence.—No convoy from America yet.—By accounts of the Dutch prisoners, French fleet close at hand, and eager for an encounter as ourselves—well done, Johnny!

"23rd.—No fleet yet!—no convoy—more

Dutchmen.—French fleet distant but two days' sail.

"25th.—Begin to come up with the laggers.—Gave chase to the Audacieux seventy-four, on her way to the French fleet from M. Nielly; chase escaped. H.M.S. Audacious and Niger chasing strangers to leeward.—Lee chase—two French small-craft, men of war, taken and burnt.

"28th.—Huzza! huzza! huzza! three cheers and jump overboard, you Dogs!—Forty minutes past six this morning, French fleet discovered, right in the wind's eye.—Signalled by Lord Howe to reconnoitre the enemy—all hands to quarters by beat of drum,—what an electric feeling of excitement that sound produces!—Never before turned out of my hammock without a pang.

"8. 50 A.M. Enemy wear and bear down under all sail.—Admiral's signal flying 'prepare for action,'—ready for that days ago.—Enemy's fleet count from the mast-head twenty-six sail

of the line.—Advanced squadron, shorten sail by signal.—Frigates to fall back upon our guns.

"10. 10 A.M. Enemy nine miles to windward; heave to on the larboard tack.—British fleet wearing, forms in two columns; our squadron still in advance. Noon, go to dinner by admiral's signal.

"1. 40. Advanced British, telegraphed to attack French rear.—Captain sherrying about the quarter-deck in an ecstasy, rubbing his hands. In great hopes of leading the fleet into action—post of honour!—Cracking on all sail. Admiral's signal for general chase—admiral's signal to close and engage.—Huzza! huzza!

"2. 4. P.M. Open fire on the French rear while in stays—received theirs—more smoke and noise than aught besides. Push hard for the enemy's wake.—Gentry rather shy, undecided yet to fight or fly, but able, from possession of the weather gage, to do either. Continue to stand on.—Tacked.—French fleet shortened sail to close its rear with a three-decker, the last soon closely

engaged by Admiral Pasley, in the Bellerophon. —Press forward to take our share.

"10. 40 P.M. After much intense suffering, seem to be awakening from some frightful dream. Find myself in my hammock, my head the size of my body, swathed round by bandages, streaming with cold vinegar and water, and whirling frightfully.—Have a recollection of nothing, save being struck down on the quarter-deck by a heavy splinter, much surprised, consequently, to find myself in this world instead of the other.—Just able to muster voice enough for the—'how goes the battle?'—Firing still going on with the French three-decker—mizen-mast of the last shot away, and the ship otherwise so much disabled, as to be obliged to fall out of her own line.—Closely engaged by the Audacious. No chance of an action coming on to-night. — Firing ceased; French three-decker colours down, allowed to slip through our fingers, by the bungling of the Thunderer.

"29th. Tried to leave my hammock, and get on deck: unable to stand—head swollen and

painful to a degree.—Bled by the surgeon.—French three-decker no longer in sight—Audacious missing from the English line.—Day-break, a strange sail joined the enemy.

"5. 10 A.M. Stranger accompanied by a frigate, made sail and parted company. Never suffered more!—to be tied thus like an ass to its manger, and an action coming on!—Signalled by the admiral to break and weather the enemy's line!

"5. 30 P.M. Day spent in manœuvring and abortive attempts to bring on a general engagement.—Enemy's line gallantly cut by Lord Howe in the Queen Charlotte, as well as by Bellerophon and Leviathan.—But the severed ships—two of the French rear—saved by the manœuvring of M. Villaret. H.M.S. C——r behaved villanously: want of proper support said to be evident in the British line; French not much better. Both busy repairing damages—obtained the weather gage at last. Heavy sea on; midnight—blowing fresh with hazy weather—enemy seen on the lee bow, distant twelve miles.

"13. Thick foggy weather shuts the enemy out

from view: head much better, able to turn it a little: able to speak—not much. 11. 45. French fleet seen in the north—twenty-six sail instead of twenty-five, and every stick perfect! Must have worked like dray-horses in refitting. Nothing decided to-day—nightfall, still in possession of weather-gage.

"1st of June! Daylight. The enemy to leeward, bearing N.N.W., five and a half miles. Every promise of a glorious day. Light breeze from the southward, and a smooth sea on—latitude 47° 48′ north, longitude 18° 30′ west.—Head still swollen and exceedingly stiff, but so much better that, contrary to the surgeon's advice, I get up and find my way to the quarter-deck. Rather weak, but able to walk with some difficulty. Fleet signalled to bear down upon the enemy; soon, however, came to the wind again, upon the old tack, the larboard. Fleet signalled to break the enemy's line, and passing to leeward, engage at close quarters. Fleet hove-to for breakfast.

"8. 20 A.M. French fleet on the lee bow, distant three and a half miles. Finally filled. Many

ships changing stations to match themselves more equally with the enemy's line—ship for ship, as by signal. British line well formed at an angle with that of the enemy—bore down and engaged.

"9. 30. Received the enemy's fire—fire returned: French line first broken by the Defence, on our lee quarter.

"10. Observed Lord Howe in the Queen Charlotte cutting the enemy's line astern of the French Admiral. Pushed for our opponent, and unable to pass to leeward, brought up on his weather quarter and engaged with effect. Loss sustained in bearing down severe, owing to the slanting direction in which we were obliged to lie: thus exposed to a raking fire. Conduct of the C——r, as van ship, worse than on the 27th. Observed our old friend Bellerophon ahead, hardly pressed by her own opponent, and that of the C——r. Remarked, out of the whole British fleet, not one in four have succeeded in complying with admiral's signal of breaking the enemy's line; the greater proportion engaging at short distances to windward.

"Battle raging furiously just ahead and astern. The fire thence slackening towards the centre of our line. Observed the Queen Charlotte in a groupe almost unsupported, and keeping up a tremendous cannonade. Action not very warm again till near the rear of the two lines. Symptoms of our opponent wincing under our guns, which being chiefly directed at her hull, had left her rigging not much damaged. Observed her attempting to wear, hung on her quarter and followed her out of the line.

"Ship's steerage much impeded by the loss of spars. Main and mizen top-gallant masts shot away, fore mast badly wounded, starboard shrouds much cut, and fore-top mast gone; found ourselves unable to keep up with our opponent, who hugging the wind as closely as possible, rapidly forged clear ahead. Made the best of our way to the assistance of our second ahead. Observed the French admiral astern, collecting around him such of his ships as had not suffered too severely to be under management, and detaching frigates to those who were in want of assistance, while he continued

standing on towards the rear or eastern end of his own line, for the protection of several of his ships; many of which now appeared to be wholly dismasted. M. Villaret has accomplished his object, and directs his attack on a British ship, on his weather bow, supposed to be the Queen, who with her mainmast and mizentop-mast gone, had followed her opponent down to leeward, and was now refitting—her prize lying near her. Hastened to form in line astern of the flag ship, in obedience to signal, for protection of the Queen. Signs of the French admiral observing this demonstration. Perceived him edging away from his object of attack, and contenting himself with giving her the broadside of his line—too distant for effect. Signalled by the admiral to secure prizes. Made towards the * * * and took possession.

"Heavy firing still continuing among detached ships.—Action decided to all intents and purposes of a naval combat. Numbers of the enemy's ships partly dismasted, and nine entirely so. French admiral making strenuous endeavours to save such as he possibly can, and very fairly seconded

in his endeavours by his captains. Evidences of the inactivity induced by a long peace very visible in our fleet — many of our ships, though scarcely engaged, or touched in the action, now lying idle, instead of securing the disabled enemy, attempting to escape. Only two of our ships wholly dismasted, and six partially so. All hands busily employed in clearing decks, and temporarily repairing damages; find ourselves gradually settling to leeward of the two lines.—Now lines no more!—but here a ship knotting her rigging, and there a captor staying by his prize—another taking possession — a fourth getting his prisoners aboard. Friend and foe indiscriminately dotted over the scarcely ruffled sea. Day clear and beautiful as possible to conceive—strange contrast of the two noble fleets, which this morning made so gallant a show, scarcely one vessel to be seen without bearing some traces of the deadly and obstinate struggle. Paint blackened and begrimed, anchors torn away, rigging cut to pieces, spars shattered, ports blown off, sails in tatters — hull dented with shot in all directions.

These are the outward proofs,—Within, gore and carnage undistinguished. Many a brave fellow, who but this morning drew the breath of Heaven in joy and confidence, now lies low indeed!—maddened and raving with a mortal anguish—his lips parched beyond the soothing of the sweetest draught, and praying for the happy moment to expire.

"Little deem our friends on shore, at what a costly price, the glory of each naval victory is bought!

"5. 30 P.M. Observed a French line-of-battle ship to leeward totally dismasted, and apparently sinking—made for her. 6. 20. Boats ordered away to assist others of the fleet in rescuing her crew. My boat one of the few now left in a floating condition. Ship in distress, proved to be the Vengeur—struck to H.M.S. Brunswick, Captain Harvey, after a most determined and deadly encounter. Poor Harvey said to be killed! Vengeur the merest wreck that ever floated on the waves.—Cut, hacked, and battered beyond description. Her decks literally ripped up and har-

rowed by the fire from her opponent's lower tier —her bottom the same, as seen every time she rolls her copper out of water. What a mercy that she should have remained swimming!—great part of her crew infuriated with the double excitement of slaughter and of drinking—some obstinately refusing to be saved—many seated on the poop shouting *vive la republic*, singing national songs and waving the tri-colour, a fair sample of French heroism. The dead and dying, heaping her shattered decks in all directions.—Succeeded in carrying on board the third boat load—just started for another.—Vengeur seen to settle slightly by the head. An awful shriek rose on the nearly still air of a fine June evening. The vanquished line-of-battle-ship slightly wavered for a moment, came gently over on her side, and then plunging her bows into the blue waves, for ever sank from the surface of that ocean, on which she had so lately floated in all her glory and her pride.

"Gallant Vengeur! 'Twas fortune conquered thee, and not the foe! Her commander, Captain Renaudin, said to be saved. Fleet and prizes to

windward much shattered, French admiral long since made off; number of prizes, as near as can be reckoned, not less than six. Come, let me mark upon my map, the little spot, to which Fame will delight to point, through so many future ages!

"The battle of the first of June 1794—fought in latitude 46 north, longitude 18 west, as near as can possibly be ascertained. This spot is in a straight line with Cape Clear, in dear old Ireland, and seven degrees due west. The wind was from the southward, with a little Westing in it; so if you place for the French ships, twenty-six dots in a line from east to west, and opposite to these bearing down to leeward, in a diagonal line from south east to north west, twenty-five more dots for the English ships, you have at once the opening of this decisive conflict. For the finale and result, you may put down at the bottom of the page, six of the enemy's line taken and one sunk.—France chastised, and England's maritime supremacy gloriously maintained!" ———

CHAPTER VI.

For more than two weeks after the time of my journal thus abruptly concluding, I had no consciousness of anything passing around me. I perfectly remember, however, being tormented by sundry strange and incomprehensible dreams, all tending to persuade me, that I was any where in the world but on board a ship.—Nor in this was I deceived. Very sufficient proof was speedily afforded, of my being in no other spot, than my old chamber at the "Folly."

That I was in bed I was sure, from feeling the pile of pillows on which I had been propped;—yet, that it was no hour for sleep, seemed evident, both from the baffled sunbeams playing on the window-curtain, and the hand of the timepiece which pointed to four o'clock. A sudden and

agonizing pang, however, shooting through my brain, and taking up its final position in my right ear, seemed to explain the whole affair:—peeping through my curtains to see if I was watched, my eye rested on a female figure,—the figure itself rested on a sofa near the window.

It was the mother of Cornelia, she held a book in her hand over which she was intently poring—no, securely slumbering.

I should have been much better pleased if it had been the daughter, said I to myself,—I know not how it is,—daughters of sixteen do sometimes possess a charm which mothers of six and thirty have possessed, and the difference of the tenses you perceive—but, perhaps you will not perceive;—Ah! well, I detest obstinate people,—so I'll go on. I was engaged, I think I said, in wishing—that passive enjoyment in which we all indulge,—fruitless often!—but not the less delightful, especially when a lady———Where am I wandering?—Is it thus that I approach one of the most sorrowful passages of a sad life?—O Johnson, Johnson! how true are thy words!

Seldom, indeed, do we attain that excellence which our desires have fondly prescribed.

In another instant, Cornelia herself entered.—Stealing through the room so lightly, that I heard no footstep, she awoke her parent with a kiss; presenting her at the same time with a letter. Over the fate of this epistle, they now held some slight colloquy, in which I could not help fancying that I was interested. This at least, I inferred from the sundry glances directed towards my couch; as well as from a few broken sentences indistinctly heard.

I was about to announce my return to consciousness by speech, when the tiny finger of Madame—for so I cannot help calling Donna L * *, who so constantly stickled for the honour of being a Frenchwoman—her finger then breaking the seal, set her at liberty to read the letter it had been intended to secure.—This she soon accomplished, and handing it over to her daughter, together with an enclosure which it contained, said in a tone half ejaculatory, half communicative,—"*Il est mort seulement!*"—adding with a listless languor as she fanned herself

with her handkerchief, "*Il fait tres etouffant aujourdhui, ma Mignonne; n'est ce pas?*" The colour faded from Cornelia's cheek, as she silently received the letter thus delivered to her.

Taking a chair at the head of the sofa towards which Madame's back was turned, she proceeded to peruse the fatal despatch.—Seated so near me, that by stretching out my arm, I could have taken the letter from her hand, she knew not that I was watching her—that I was beholding, as it were, reflected in her beloved features, the contents of the sheet they withheld from my view. — Placing beside her the black sealed envelope, whose brief communication she had soon perused,—she unfolded the enclosure which her mother had not, it would seem, considered worthy of attention.—As she drew near its close, the tell-tale paper betrayed the falling of those tears which had stolen from her eyes unseen.—I felt strangely tempted to weep too—nay I will not affirm—

"*Il est mort!*"—who could the emancipated sufferer be, whose memory these precious drops were thus embalming?—To be wept by Cornelia, how willingly could I have died myself!—For

some time, she remained motionless, while the letter lay clasped in her hands before her.—Her gaze abstractedly fixed, seemed to meet mine, though she saw me not—nor, indeed, could I very clearly behold her; a similar cause obscured the vision of either.

Little did I think how much greater cause I had to mourn.—The blow which had called forth her sympathy for a stranger, doomed mine to bleed for the loss of one loved dearer than a brother.

"Poor Charles!"—I heard her say, as she arose and gently moved aside my curtain.—What would I not have given to have seen that tearful eye bent on me!—To have marked in her countenance the compassion that reigned in her heart! —I dared not look.—Ashamed to publish the weakness into which her example had betrayed me, I had no resource but in counterfeiting a repose which I never was further from enjoying!

What a tumult of emotions reigned in my bosom!—*Idolo mio!*—Did not the loud throbbing of my heart—the "*palpitazione cara e*

deliciosa" disclose the falsehood of my eyes?—What divine—what tender impulse excited an interest for one so unworthy of you?—when leaning over me to note my slumber, your soft tear fell upon my cheek, and softer fingers unheeding touched the lips, that dared to kiss them?

That moment was decisive of our fate!—I never might have pleaded the diviner weaknesses of humanity for my errors, if the shock of such an electric chain, had not induced me to detain the wanderers there!

——It was enough then.—The looks that followed, told us how much we loved!——Trembling and agitated, Cornelia sank back upon her chair, beside me, but the handkerchief which concealed her mantling features, could not wholly suppress the sounds of her grief—gentle as it was, it disturbed the siesta of Madame.

"It is the horrid letter!" said the latter, rising and attempting to take the sheet from Cornelia.

"The letter from whom?" I faintly demanded.

"From—from Mr. Miles—he is dangerously ill."

"He is dead—only," said I, quoting her own

words, with an involuntary tone of bitterness and reproach, and sinking on my pillow, swooned.

The agitation of this sudden misfortune, brought on a relapse of the brain fever, under which I had been labouring.—When almost sufficiently restored to read the announcement of my young friend's death, the following papers were put into my hand.

"Corsica, H. M. S. ——.

"SIR,

"The enclosed letter is addressed to you by Mr. Miles, and most sincerely do I lament that the task of forwarding it, should have devolved upon any but your estimable and promising young friend. As his captain, however, the routine of the service imposes this duty on myself. —Judging from the evidence before me, I cannot but suppose that you shared with him, a friendship which it must, indeed, be distressing to survive. That such, however, is your lot, is all that remains for me to say.

"Mr. Miles was wounded by a cannister shot, early yesterday morning, while on duty ashore.

He was insensible when brought on board, and subsequently survived but a few minutes. The enclosure was found by me, directed but unsealed, among his papers;—it may, perhaps, be gratifying to you, as a friend, to know, that during the short time Mr. Miles was under my command, I had every reason to be highly gratified both with his conduct and disposition as an officer and a gentleman.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"* * *."

The letter enclosed ran as follows:—

"H. M. S. ——. Corsica.

"DEAR ARRAN,

"In fulfilment of my promise, I seize a spare half-hour to commence our projected correspondence.—Your first question will be,—How do I like my new ship?—Indifferently well, then. —There are many on board to whom I think I shall soon grow partial, and if there happen to be a few also of the other class, why, truly, it is no more than I had a right to expect.

"I miss you sadly, and have hitherto, I assure

you, been quite unable to fix on one, whom I can elect into the high office and unlimited confidence of croney; with all its various privileges and immunities.

"In the captain and first lieutenant, however, I have not been less fortunate than I was led to expect; and this gives me nothing to regret on the subject of leaving the Briton.

"Burgos was a good fellow, certainly, but apt to ride crusty, particularly with those who did not completely understand him. You, you know, are a favourite, an aid-de-camp, &c. &c. As for ——, but you have heard my opinion on matters in that quarter.

"You knew, I believe, before leaving Toulon, that we were to be employed in this Corsican business; no slight fuss has it given the commander-in-chief to get the affair set a-going in a satisfactory manner.

"Soon after your departure for England, our fleet anchored in the bay of Hyeres, which as you remember is to the eastward of Toulon. Lord Hood having, however, determined to

blockade the French forces in Corsica, despatched us, together with a few other ships, under the command of Captain Nelson.

"This duty, which consisted chiefly in annoying Johnny Crapeau, by seizing his stores and provisions, and turning them to our benefit, was, as you may imagine, amusing enough. A sad accident, however, which occurred to one of the squadron rather discomposed us. You remember dining with H—l—ll on board the Ardent—one of the sixty-fours at Toulon—well, it is supposed that she has been burnt or blown up.—She was last seen off the harbour of Villa Franca, in Piedmont, and some pieces of wreck having been picked up in that direction, with broken cutlasses, nails, gunlocks, &c., sticking in the beams and planking, it has been sufficiently identified to afford a reasonable conjecture as well as to the ship, as to the mode of her destruction.

"I had the middle watch to keep, on the night that this disagreeable story reached us, and turned in, I assure you, with far less ease than I might otherwise have done.—We must all, however,

take our chances—nay expect them, and surely it is better to relinquish existence at once, than live in a continual fear of that which must arrive at some future day.—Sky-larking, we know is six for one—but such a species of it, is dearer still—No, no—however I may wish to rise in my profession, let it not be so.

"To proceed, however—In the middle of January, we took as passengers to Corsica, Sir Gilbert Elliott, Lieut.-Colonel John Moore, and a Major Koehler. Sir Gilbert, it was known, had come out from England to be viceroy: the two latter officers were to inspect the island previous to our descent, which they were, I believe, to arrange with General Paoli. The fleet speedily afterwards, sailed with Lord Hood from Hières, accompanied by the usual train of transports—making, I think, altogether fifty-seven sail—they did not, however, continue long together, for the next day it came on to blow so hard, that they lost sight of their convoy, and the greater part of the fleet separated—there being scarcely a ship amongst them that did not suffer. Having, however, after some buffeting, gained

the harbour of Porto Ferrajo, in the island of Elba, a separate squadron was put under the command of Captain L———ee, of the Alc——de, and with sundry transports, despatched to Mortella Bay, with orders to take us under his command. We did not, however, anchor in the bay, it being in possession of the enemy, but brought up not far to the westward of it.

"Now you know, if there is any man that I hate, it is that * * * * * (through these words a pen had been carelessly run, as if for a matter of form, and opposite to them in the margin of the letter, were the initials of Captain * * *.)

"Of what could the commander-in-chief be dreaming when he sent this fellow here again, unless indeed to have the matter bungled for a second time, as it was at first.

"This, however, by good luck, we were spared, and having taken in succession the tower of Mortella, as well as the fortifications of Fornelli and San Forenzo, we at length succeeded in getting possession of the town, and came to in Mortella

Bay; having compelled the enemy to shut themselves up in Bastia, a place of some strength, as you know, being on the N. E. of the island. Taking this town, therefore, was the next amusement for us, and Lord Hood lost no time in preparing for it.

"General D—d—s, however, whom you may remember to inherit the slow-coach propensities of his family—refused all aid or assistance; saying, and you will perceive very wisely too, that even if he joined us with his thirteen hundred troops, we should still be much too weak to attack Bastia, and, therefore, the good of the country demanded that he should remain neuter: doubtless meaning thereby, to look on and see fair play.

"He was accordingly nearly as good as his word, and maintained his men in this most honourable employment of British troops, during a space of forty days, when, as the French general, St. Michel, was signing the capitulation that placed the town in our hands, he appeared on the neighbouring heights, to see, I suppose, that no improper irregularities were committed by honest

Jack Tar, in the fulness of his joy at taking the town unaided.

"The success of our measures here, we certainly owe to the little brigadier, as we call Captain Nelson—a perfect 'Jack of all trades'—hopping about like a parched pea in a frying pan, here, there, and every where at once. You may swear, Arran, that I am now almost as good a soldier as yourself, having completed at this siege, the lessons began at Toulon.

"The weather has been of course more pleasant than during all the wet, cold, and storm which attacked us while there. But the heat just after the taking of Bastia, began to be most oppressive; and we are now sweltering under all the caloric of the dog-days; or, as they call it here—the lion's reign.—What, however, cheers our spirits more perhaps than any thing, is, that we have been successful. This, and the egging one another on to show the soldiers *how* they *should* work, seems to make us invincible to all—but disease: the last thins us sadly. Yet after being cooped

up in a ship for months—perhaps years, it truly is a luxury to have a good run on old mother Earth, even though it should be in the face of an enemy's battery.

"Bastia being taken, Paoli now redeemed his promises, by getting the inhabitants of the island to shake off the French yoke, and accept in general assembly, the protection proffered by England, through the medium of Sir Gilbert Elliott. The ceremony was, as you may suppose, very novel and interesting; but it owed more to the excitement of attendant and preceding circumstances, than to any peculiar solemnity of the occasion in particular.

"Bastia, now that we have had as fair an opportunity of examining it from within, as we before had from without, is, in truth, a place of no slight strength; and though I have the honour of ranking my humble self among the number of its captors, yet permit me to say, very great credit is due to the navy for this affair.—You will scarcely believe that the besieged on surrendering, amounted to nearly four times the number of the besiegers—

yet such, my dear Arran, is the fact. Be pleased, however, to understand, that our gallantry was greatly assisted by hunger and starvation on the part of the besieged; two very powerful and peccant allies.

"Why, my dear fellow, we think nothing of threatening to eat a Frenchman occasionally—that is, without their small-swords—for a plague upon them! these would stick in our throats: there they would be more at home than we could wish.

"For the Corsican women, the little I saw of them,—which you may piously believe was as much as I could—prepossessed me much in their favour.—They have the French cast of countenance stronger than you would suppose. In their manners and disposition though, you look in vain for the *esprit* of the polite nation: nor can you trace much of the softness of the Italian character in their dispositions: on the contrary, there is a degree of stern shyness peculiar to Corsicans, and which, in the men, almost amounts to what Junius so forcibly terms 'the vindictive solitariness of the monk.'

"There also appeared to me—though it might well enough have been but fancy, a shade of melancholy and romance about these islanders, which brought to my remembrance the Moors of Spain.

"In the meanwhile, General Stuart having joined us from Gibraltar with the two thousand troops—for the arrival of which General D—d—s had delayed his assistance—we now agreed, army and navy, to co-operate in the reduction of Calvi, a sea-port town situated to the south-west of Bastia.

"It was on the 20th of June that we first broke ground before this town: Captain and Brigadier Nelson still commanding the naval force, and General Stuart that of the army, and soon after noon, Lord Hood himself, who had been absent on a cruise, came to in Mortella Bay. He sent us, forthwith, as many hands as he could spare, together with some officers, and among the rest, your old friend S—r—c—d. As you may suppose, we had pretty much the same duties to perform here as at Bastia; dragging the cannon

up the heights and planting the various batteries.

"In this last employment, it was, as you may have seen by the gazette, that poor S—r—c—d was killed. I am told he did not apparently suffer much, though dreadfully cut by the shot, which struck him somewhere about the loins—I suppose it injured the spinal column.—Poor fellow! and after gaining his promotion too so gallantly at Toulon, and maintaining it so nobly at Bastia, where his frigate, the Prosélyte, was burnt by the enemy's hot shot!

"Did I tell you that he had been appointed to her at Toulon, the day previous (I think it was) to our evacuation.—It was such a scene of confusion there, that one knew not what went on around—Alas! it matters little now.—Both have passed away!—the captain and his frigate. If such a judgment might be formed by mortals, S—r—c—d was one who promised to be something.

"How little do we feel ourselves to be, when meditating on the fate of such a victim to war.—I think I could better bear to be nipped in the

first green shoot, than thus, as it were, in the bursting of the bud.—Perhaps, however, I feel more on this subject, from having been in the list of wounded myself at the time of S—r—c—d's death.

"Much to my annoyance, I was confined to the ship during the early part of the siege. A poor private having been shot beside me, while working at the batteries, a splinter from his bayonet was forced through the calf of my leg.—Luckily no bones were broken, and though lamed severely at the time, I have at length managed to return to duty.

"Captain Nelson too, a day or two ago, received what is likely to turn out a severe injury in the eye; from some sand having been driven into it.—At present the sight is lost, but this we hope will not continue, for it is impossible to find an officer either more active in his duties, or more esteemed and beloved by his men. We both of us, I think, know the rarity of this union in our service.

"Our chief torment is the weather—it is killing us rapidly!—Here we are at the end of July,—

the siege has already lasted thirty-eight days, and when the commander of the beleaguered garrison —old Casa-Bianca—intends to give in, I really don't know.—Pray for us, my dear Arran—that it may be soon.

"By Jove! I believe the fellow must be some relation of Joshua, for like that renowned general of sacred writ, even the very sun fights for him.—The *coup de soleil* is, I think, even more fatal than the *coup d'épée*.

"The cruize on which, as I mentioned, Lord Hood had been absent, was, we learnt on his return, productive of no result. Having heard on the 7th of June, while lying off Bastia, that M. Martin had sailed from Toulon with seven sail of the line lately refitted, his lordship put to sea with thirteen liners and four frigates, in quest of the enemy; drove them into the anchorage of Gourjean, near the sea-port of Antibes in the department of Var, and finding that they had here succeeded in rendering themselves inaccessible owing to the shoalness of the water, he returned, as I before mentioned, to us off Calvi, with four

line of battle-ships; leaving Admiral Hotham to blockade the foe with the rest of the fleet.

"This then, my dear Arran, forms pretty well the whole of my budget up to this present writing, with the exception of one thing, which, knowing that it will interest you, I have reserved till the last.

"Colonel John Moore—I mentioned his name as one of the officers employed to confer with Paoli and survey Corsica before we commenced operations;—well, he desired me to give you his kindest regards at the earliest moment, and say that whenever you might return to the Mediterranean, and happen to be serving near him, he would 'take it as a personal favour if you would find him out, and allow him to consider himself one of your friends.' It seems that he had heard much kind mention made by the lord mareschal, both of your father, and grandfather, when a boy at Geneva; whence his message to you, which you must acknowledge was a very pretty one—and I can assure you he is a very pretty fellow—coming from him too it was a good deal

to say, for his general deportment is reserved and distant—though not more than would be dictated by the judgement of any man who knew the world.—He seems, however, much attached to every recollection of his boyhood, and this convinced me that he must be a good fellow. Judge of my joy then, when I found that he was not only a true Scot himself, but actually a brother descendant of our immortal Grahame, whose name, he tells me, is borne by one of his brothers, a commander in our service. We were friends on the instant: if I know anything of your taste, he is just the very man you admire.—Nice fine feelings of honour for the service, the gentleman conspicuous in every point of his character, and a noble countenance. You must know him, he is just one of those men whom you and I so long determined to be the raræ aves of this sad world. There is I fancy at times, a degree of coldness in his character, which may not quite accord with our enthusiastic views; but we, you know, are younger, and by the time we gain his maturer years, may have been taught by various bitter lessons to be

not more sanguine. It seems that his governor, a physician formerly of Glasgow, but now resident in London—and author of Zeluco, by the by—accompanied your cousin, the duke, on their grand tour, taking with him his son,—our friend, the colonel.—He speaks very kindly of his playfellow, of whom he gives an account very similar to your own. To meet such a man as Moore, at once so agreeable, so well-informed, was, as you may imagine, quite a treat, and as he has been constantly employed on shore with his regiment, the fifty-first, I have seen more or less of him ever since. We have our little differences too, in imitation of our superiors, who are squabbling here as usual pretty heartily.—He takes the part of the army, and I the part of the navy—of course. But this does not divide our friendship, a whit. He is, I say it again, a good fellow, and it would not surprise me if he turn out something eminent —always providing that his life is spared and opportunity afforded.—I met him first at the captain's table, but scarcely know how it was we got so well acquainted.—How often this

happens! His character does not unfrequently remind me of that of the great Theban, "Erat enim modestus, prudens, gravis, temporibus sapientèr utens, peritus belli, fortis manu, animo maximo."

"My paper, you see, forbids my saying any more.—Crossed and recrossed in every direction, it will not be well of you, unless you speedily return me an answer, and tell me when and where you but caught a sight of our phantom glory.—Let them laugh at our enthusiasm as they will, no one shall persuade me that this is not our legitimate object after all.—No man was ever really great, either in intellect or station, whose mind was not in private fixed upon exalted objects; and the mere capability of such a contemplation, shews a soul above the mass. For you, I need say nothing to one whose motto by inheritance is 'Forward,' and I only hope and pray, that you may speedily return to share with us all the fine things going.—Only answer this in person, and ten thousand times more welcome will it be than if by letter.

"In conclusion, my dear Arran, I wish you

every possible enjoyment, and as I cannot do you the injustice to doubt that you fully reciprocate my regard, you will not be sorry to know that my wound is perfectly healed, leaving me as strong as a young lion, and I hope as brave.

"I remain,

"Your devoted friend,

"GRAHAME MILES."

CHAPTER VII.

"As strong as a young lion, and I hope as brave!"—

Struck down in the pride of health, youth, and manly beauty, at the very moment when the first dazzling views of human greatness were dawning on a soul, already rich in the truer grandeur of sterling excellence and worth. Without a moment's warning!—Full of hope, as the morning rose-bud is of dew—poor Miles then had descended to the tomb!

That generous countenance—that winning voice—that warm, warm heart—all that was gentle, honourable, and engaging.—The eye—the ear—the soul of friendship—these should never glad again!—In the bitterness of my heart I wished——O! human wishes!

In our early loves and friendships, there seems to be combined with the freshness of our youth, at once the vigour of our manhood, and the mellowed tenderness of our stricken years—well may the heart be exhausted by its first profusion. —Never again—much as I wished it, could I feel for a friend as I felt for Miles—I believe I have stood as firmly attached as most men, and hope I have sacrificed as much for those attachments—have been as blind to faults, and as partial to virtues—but it was not to be!—We had bled side by side—we had campaigned together; I had watched over his slumbers; he had afforded security to mine; we had shared with one another adventures of every kind—the secrets of my bosom were as well known to him, as his own, —the confidence he returned to me was not less ample than that I gave. We had drank from the same cup—we had shared the same morsel—and I was left to remember him whom I could not recall.

Folding up the letter—moistened by other tears than those of Cornelia—I placed it beneath my

pillow.—Alas, its contents were transcribed upon my heart.—There, they defied me to efface them.

Much as I strove against it, the melancholy brought on by this occurrence, induced a severe fit of hypochondriacism which greatly retarded my recovery. I scarcely cared to know why it was, that I was thus laid upon a bed of sickness and watched with the tenderest care.—I was told that my present slow recovery was from the second attack of brain fever, brought on by the splinter wound received in Lord Howe's action, and almost hourly did the tender solicitude of those around me, prompt them to enquire, if the improvement in my feelings, kept pace with their wishes, or my wants with their benevolence.—But for the hands that tended—the lips that spoke—the eyes that watched around me—I could have wished myself enjoying that last calm cold sleep, that seemed successively to fall on all I held most dear!

After much intense suffering, several pieces of bone worked their way from my right ear, and though the sense of distinguishing sound, was on

that side of my head much impaired, the surgeon still held out a hope that this would gradually disappear.

I now began to mend rapidly, and being in a state that admitted visitors, among the earliest, were presented two old friends, Joe Royal and Will Watch; Captain Burgos also came frequently to see me; and from them I learnt that part of my existence, which seemed to have been passed in vacuo. Having suddenly fainted away on deck, during the evening of the now celebrated 1st of June, I was again entered on the sick list, as one whose fate was doubtful. Of the passage home to Spithead, with the fleet under Lord Howe, immediately after his great victory, I knew nothing. Neither was I more conscious of the manner in which I had been conveyed out to Fluke's Folly. In the meantime my napping had not prevented the occurrence of many important events, which I, like one from the grave, woke up to hear.

For once an English naval victory, met with the honours and rewards it merited.—As the

commander-in-chief was already an earl, I suppose it was considered unnecessary to promote him in the ranks of the peerage. This, I think, was far from liberal, as his first elevation had not arisen from the country's gratitude, but his own inheritance of the title of viscount from his brother.

Their majesties had, however, graciously honoured the Septagenarian hero with a visit on board his flag-ship, the gallantly fought Queen Charlotte. Here they presented to the earl a sword set with diamonds, and a gold chain of honour, the whole valued at some three thousand five hundred pounds.

The two seconds in command were ennobled. Sir Alexander Hood—the brother of my old commander Lord Hood—being created Viscount Bridport, and Vice Admiral Graves getting an Irish peerage of the same name. The four subordinate admirals, were rewarded with baronetcies, the captains received medals, the lieutenants obtained promotion, and the midshipmen—oh!—hem!—ha!—yes—they had the *honour* of the affair!

Such of the ships as had not behaved with the

gallantry that should distinguish English men-of-war, were of course omitted in the list of rewards; and one Captain M—ll—y of the C–s–r, our van ship, was deservedly brought to a court-martial and dismissed his command.

Having been allowed ample time to refit our ships and recruit ourselves, I had once more returned on board, when Lord Howe sailed from Spithead, to collect his channel fleet in Torbay; from which, in the beginning of September we again weighed, and made sail for the French coast. Our numbers were at this date, as large as when we had sailed from St. Helen's on the preceding May: amounting, as then, to no less than thirty-four sail of the line.—Five of these were however Portuguese.

On the evening of the day that we sailed from Torbay, Captain Burgos, who was on the poop, beckoned me to his side, and said, "Arran—did Admiral Fluke tell you he had spoken to me about your keeping watch?"

"He did, Sir."

"Ah! and very good of him 'twas to think of

ye—lucky dog you are, I can tell you, to meet with such a friend—wish I'd had such a one at starting!—Most men, if they'd troubled themselves to get a youngster his promotion, would have thought that enough. But Fluke, d'ye see, wishes you should be a sailor before he makes you a lieutenant—gad, he's right—he's right—that is—you know when I say right—I don't mean exactly right—because—d'ye understand?—it does'nt matter a fig whether ye know the tye-block from the main-top-sail bowline, if ye have but the luck to drag after ye a long lubberly file of relations, with handles to their names, and silver spoons in their mouths, but—but—yet—yet—yet d'ye see, it's indispensably necessary that an officer should be a sailor every inch of him—up to every thing—d'ye comprehend?—Never keep out of scrapes else! Well, let me see, what was it?"

"Keeping watch, Sir."

"Ah true! well—I've just given orders for some new alterations in the quarter-bill—you'll find yourself down as first signal midshipman—I can't give ye a watch to keep, that's out of the question

—because first—you've had no opportunity of learning how to do the duty, and next, you are but a youngster yet—d'ye understand?—and though I may think that you've made good use of your time, your messmates won't like you the better for seeing me show it.—However, to be brief in this matter, I've given my word to Fluke, that you shall learn to keep a watch somehow, and therefore not to make you uncomfortable in your mess, I've determined to make an orderly officer of ye—day duty—d'ye understand me?—Now I can't well choose you out from among the rest—too young—too young with so many your seniors—'twould only make them say more than there's any need for—touching the three years the old admiral's got for ye, d'ye see—here's an order"—drawing me on one side and giving me a slip of paper—"here's an order which you may carry presently to the first lieutenant.—When you read it, you'll find it's for a sort of examination in my fore-cabin to-morrow, of you young gun-room gentry. Those three who can write me the best paper on the mechanical principles by which a ship's sails

are acted on by the wind, and governed by the seaman, together with remarks on naval discipline and gunnery--to these three—d'ye comprehend? —I mean to give the orderly duty—that is the duty of keeping the morning watch in turn, every day, taking charge of the deck during such time as the officers are at dinner, with any other incidental duty now performed by the lieutenants.—Not in every ship you dogs, you'd—you'd get such a chance!—Can't press very hard on ye to keep one morning watch out of three, and assist the first lieutenant till sun-set. Now, d'ye see, if your head can't make ye one of these orderlies, why hang me if it's any better than a pumpkin—be off with ye."

Having thanked my superior as warmly as I could, for this proof of his regard, I hurried to the first lieutenant: this officer, having read the order, smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and sent me with it into the ward-room mess; thence to take it to the mids. The lieutenants also laughed very knowingly at what they termed "this new fangled freak of *the skipper's*," wondering in the name of all the Gods

of Olympus, what could have put him on such a scent.

Those who had watches to keep, however, of which that in the morning is by far the most unpleasant, rejoiced greatly, praising the "great discernment of *Captain Burgos*." As for the mids, they received the intelligence in the mixed and uproarious manner, so peculiar to this diffident class of officers—some with shouts and yells, others with consternation, one or two with the eagerness of honourable ambition, but many with a lazy indifference; for myself, having read the order and laid it on the table, I slipped away, leaving them in full debate as to who should have the daring to put their names down on the list of candidates, to go in by eight o'clock on the ensuing morning.

Going on the instant to my chest, I put into my pocket, two little volumes which the admiral had placed in my library, and which I knew by frequent perusal, to contain the very things I wanted. With these I stole up to the fore-top, as the only spot free from interruption.—One book was "Buccan, on the moving forces"; this, among

many other matters, contained a very tolerable treatise on propelling the sails of ships and windmills; and the other volume was "The complete Naval Gunner, by James Hutton, late of the Royal Arsenal." Having refreshed my memory on every point which would fairly come under discussion, I committed to paper the heads of what I intended to say, as well on these two points as on that of naval discipline, on which, however, I felt no fears.

Having copied out these heads, four different times, I tore up the paper, flung the pieces overboard to leeward, and abstaining from another thought on the subject, went instantly to bed.—At that time so perfect was my memory, that like a coffer with a deep bottom, and a strong lid, any thing might be deposited in it at my pleasure, but nothing departed without my leave. Chance placed my name last on the list of candidates, but I managed to shift it somewhat on the file during the day; strange to say, out of our large mess, six only were found to try for so advantageous an appointment.

I never found the difference of my education turn to more account than on that day. All my opponents had been actually at sea since twelve and thirteen years of age; but totally unused to the habit of arranging their ideas on any given subject, the task before us, was to them one of no slight difficulty. I, on the contrary, had not yet completed my second year at sea, but having entered on the practice of my profession, when between fifteen and sixteen, duties that to them had seemed complex, and full of mystery and confusion, never appeared to me, in any other than the plainest of forms. The principle pointed out to me, the effect became self-evident at once—after which, the effect remaining before my eyes, prevented me from ever forgetting the principle.—Too young, however, to understand either the one or the other on first entering, and too idle to trouble themselves with acquiring such a knowledge until it forced itself upon their observation, the first three years which my fellow-candidates had lost, had been all time gained to me. Let it suffice, however, I did not disappoint the kind ex-

pectations of Captain Burgos, and was duly appointed orderly officer in addition to my other duties.

My time was now too much occupied to allow of my noting much of what was going on around me, any further than by resuming the brief journal interrupted since the 1st of June.

"September 1794—Fleet off Ushant—signalled by the admiral to reconnoitre Brest roads—made sail—shift of wind to the northward, reconnoitring squadron recalled—Fleet altered course—Made sail, and stood away from Ushant.

"On the look out for convoys, hostile and friendly—fell in with many sail of the latter—ships detached from time to time as the safe conduct of these might require—weather fair with fresh breezes—fleet cruising in N. latitude from forty-eight and a half, to fifty degrees.

—"Sudden fall of the glass—change of weather—wind variable—two thirds round the compass—set at East, chopped round to South, shifted to the Westward, and fixed at north west. Thick haze; coming on to blow—blows hard—blows harder—half a gale of wind—whole gale—admiral wants

to blow the dust off his old clothes—dust blowing off very fast—dust still sticks to admiral's shoes—blows half a hurricane—blows a hurricane complete—blows marline-spikes and great guns—dust blown off the admiral's shoes at last!—Four sail of English line with distress-signal flying. Fleet signalled to wear—bravo, old boy!—Portuguese commodore minus a foremast and bowsprit—Portuguese commodore supported—Orion signalled to keep company. Fleet lying to all night—daylight—weather not improved—fleet bear up and make for Torbay—midnight—two anchors a head—Torbay—ship snug, and self sleepy.

—"Six weeks' spell in the bay—time spent in a manner sufficiently idle; parties on shore at Torquay—know many pleasant families—getting somewhat *ennuyée* of pleasure—query, is it pleasure?—wishes divided between the enemy's appearance at sea, and pretty faces on shore.

"November—At sea once more—news of the enemy—a squadron of five sail of the line, and three frigates, said to have escaped from Brest,

under M. Nielly, in hopes of catching our Lisbon convoy. Too bad of you, if you succeed, Master Johnny Crapeau! Your Franco-American convoy managed to reach Brest and escape *our* cruisers; it will never succeed to let our trade fall a pray to *your's*. Ten to one but they do though. The cunning of the fox seems in the end to answer your plan as well as the strength of the lion. Perhaps better. What have we gained by the 1st of June? Immortal fame, and — bloody noses! My head aches yet, I can tell you.

"Admiral Montagu, my fine fellow! how did you let that said Franco-American convoy get into half starved France with all its grain? One hundred and sixteen sail! too bad! Was it the result of contradictory orders?—speak out, old boy, and never trouble your head with recollecting Byng—somewhat too much of this, I fear. A convoy on which the safety of the enemy depends is to be captured, and the cruise of the officer who is to take it, is limited to a certain day — the 20th of May. He even stays some days beyond

his time—no convoy appears; he makes for port according to his orders, and the enemy slip by unmolested.

"Was it not as easy to have said—'Sail—When the convoy is captured, you may return'? No! The whole safety of his country may perhaps be confided to an admiral for half a year together, because there is no help for it,—but not for the world, may the delay of a few weeks be trusted to his discretion! Hamper him well up with instructions, good ministers, so that on any mischance brought about by such a system, they may serve to break his neck and save your own!

"What is the natural language of an officer—'Give me but definite instructions—an end to be gained, and I will attain it by such means as I may judge the best. If I am a fool, the fault is your own for trusting me—if not, the benefit is my country's. The man soberly and truly anxious to serve her must treat such humbug of office as waste paper, perform his utmost, nor feel disappointed if his conduct should not meet any further reward than the approbation of his own

heart. Unhappily it is not by every mind that such reasoning can be estimated, nor is it by ordinary courage that such an ordeal can be braved.

—" Strong hopes, however, now entertained in the navy, that with a change of men we shall experience a change of measures.—Surely if any one can effect this, it will be the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Spencer—such is the weight of worth and character!—When will Ministers hope to sway by these alone?—Would that such a noble school were infinitely more numerous than it is. Alas! the virtue of a Chatham is even yet more rare than his genius!

" Time dull on hand.—Letters from the admiral kind as ever. Cordelia and her mother still at the 'Folly.' The affairs of the latter arranged at last by a friend of the admiral's — clerk in one of government offices, formerly a protegé of the good old officer. The Frenchman's bills for a wonder paid. The fellow can't be 'a good *sans-culotte*.'

" Cornelia! how do your hours fly by?—are you happy?—on whom do your truant thoughts delight to dwell?—or are they, like the French,

afraid to put to sea! Are you beautiful as ever?

"Life! life! thou art a bore without a parallel! The only one, by the by, which we all feel some slight reluctance to terminate. If now, one could only be transplanted without —— Discontented wretch! of what would you complain? Do you not hear from within your bosom at this moment, a prophetic voice? Does it not forewarn you of some future day of unbearable anguish?—when the present careless hours, so little valued, will appear in all those sunny hues in which you ought now to regard them. With little to torment you beside the wildness of your own wishes—can you selfishly listen to the complainings of a heart pampered into rebellion by a freedom from all trouble? Think of the slaver! Think of the smack! and own yourself happy beyond desert. Think of the thousand spots in this wide world, where struggling merit is sinking, unpitied—unsustained—unknown. Miserable child of clay! As impotent to effect good, as you are powerful to work evil, were 'your person as gigantic as your

desires,' you might indeed stretch an arm to their assistance—but the mite that you would give, you have not the power to convey, and even the very tear that rises at the thoughts of their distress, must fall as unavailing as themselves!

"To be insensible to our blessings is indeed, in the worst sense, to be undeserving of them, and yet, alas! how soon does happiness efface the lessons of adversity. Were mankind to select their own temptations, we can readily imagine by which of the two sisters they would choose to be assailed. Not so easily, alas, can we decide whether the malignity of the one or the blandishments of the other is most fatal!

"No enemy to be found at sea! Stealth is their order of the day—cruising at intervals off Scilly, and in the mouth of the channel.

"Spithead once more!—December—a most daring mutiny has broken out on board one of the ships, omitted in the list of rewarded vessels engaged on the 1st of June—the Culloden, seventy-four, Captain Troubridge. Captain Isaac Schomberg commanded her during the action: Trou-

bridge having been appointed since. During the affair of the 1st of June, and the preceding days, the latter was a prisoner on board the Sans Pareil, and only freed by her capture. He had been taken by Villaret's fleet while in command of the Castor. Report affirms him to be a very clever and gallant officer. One cannot, however, I suspect, accuse him of an over-laxity of discipline.

"Various rumours afloat as to the cause of the mutiny. The error of driving men who may be led, will some day I suspect be found out—can't say whether this is the foundation of the present affair. Number of the mutineers about two hundred and sixty. Cornwallis, Colpoys, and Bridport on board, trying to persuade the men to return to their duty—failed—mem., mutineers and admirals incompatible!

"After holding out eight days, the Cullodens have given in to Tommy Pakenham's eloquence—forensic indeed!—allowed themselves to be mustered, and their ringleaders, some dozen of them, to be given up for trial. Man is a reasonable but a selfish brute! Who that had a grain of sense,

would peril a pin's head upon their faith? It seems they had broken open the magazine, and barricading the lower deck, pointed two of the bow guns aft, to sweep it in a raking position.

"We must all act our parts however sad; and discipline demands that these poor wretches should be judicially slaughtered for the benefit of the community. I pity them even though they may deserve it; for who can tell what has been their provocation?—who can tell how slight a concession might at one time have led them to offer for the service of their country, the lives they must forfeit to her laws! As for Captain Pakenham—by my honour! there is not that thing on earth, which I would take to be a higher compliment than the deference paid to his heart and character by these men. I hope he will spare no effort to save as many as he can, but alas, example must have her victims. Mutiny? Psha!—the officer who would hesitate a moment, to lead into action the most mutinous ship that ever swam—ay, though but an hour after his appointment--must possess more than ordinary faults of

character. I stake my existence, that wherever mutiny exists, the fault is originally *not* in the men. I have seen seamen exasperated to such a degree as to be ready to cut the throat of one officer, for merely ordering them to wash a deck, while they would have undergone the greatest hardships at the finger's beckon of another. Fine, generous, high spirited fellows, as they are, there is a point of bullying beyond which they will not submit—neither in faith would I. Who shall presume to tell me, that two hundred and fifty seamen, would allow a dozen of their fellows to lead them by the nose, unless the parties so leading were strongly backed by the aggression of their superiors: reason—common sense—humanity—fact—all are opposed to such a creed! I have always thought and will ever maintain, that—captains in the navy, possess too unlimited a sway for the good either of themselves or the community; their powers and privileges are not only an anomaly in, but a reproach, to a free country. Not that I would wish to see their dignity lowered, or the weight of their authority

lessened. On the contrary, I think great good would result from the justice of enhancing their rank, their influence, and their rewards; but by a few judicious arrangements among the junior classes, they should no longer be left open to the temptation of acting on the suggestions of individual caprice; generally without reference to public opinion, and often in defiance of it.

"New year's day!—a long adieu to seventeen hundred and ninety-four!—'Tis an eventful twelve-month passed away—one to us of great success. Taken from the French, during this year, seven sail of the line, and fourteen frigates: the latter, however, being chiefly captured by squadrons, no very brilliant frigate-action is to be found amongst them. *Concorde* and *Engageante*—pretty fair, for Sir Richard Strachan in the former.—Castor and Carysfort better,—Captain Laforey recapturing in the latter, a ship of superior force—Troubridge's late frigate. Our colonial operations this year not bad.—The capture of Martinique by two officers already highly distinguished—Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey, from General Ro-

chambeau—amply redeemed our want of success there last year.—Saint Lucie, too, has also fallen to our arms, and is now I see under the government of the Colonel Moore so highly spoken of by poor Miles.—The one lies in his lonely grave on the wild rocks of Corsica, the other has the rank of Major General.—Question, who is to prove the happiest? There is but little chance of my now meeting the survivor, indeed, I hardly wish to form new friendships—*Res est soliciti plena timoris amor.*

"As to Sir John's capture of Guadaloupe, we need say little, since in six weeks it has been retaken by the French, under Victor Hugues.—Somewhat better success at St. Domingo, however, under Commodore Ford.—Port au Prince, the French capital in that island, added to our other possessions of Cape Nicholas-Mole and Jeremie, obtained last year.

"Republicans, on the other hand, have mastered and pillaged Sierra Leone, under M. Allemande, and taken during the year one seventy-four, the Alexander, Captain Bligh, off Sicily, one frigate, and six sloops. But come, though we

have lost, it has been with honour, since every one of these ships, without an exception, have been captured in detail,—each by a force that rendered resistance vain. Casualty list, as usual, rather large, five wrecks, and a couple of two-deckers burnt.

"I have not the slightest ill will against the navy board, but were they only made to weather out one gale in a ten gun brig, we should be pestered with fewer of this execrable class. With Sierra Leone for a colony, and a few ten-gun diving bells in the navy, Government need never be at a loss for the disposition of importunate,—ay, and unfortunate petitioners.

"French navy said to be still very strong.—Supposed to number not less than fifty sail of the line, this side of Gibraltar alone;—leaving out our ci-devant friends in Toulon.

"A fleet of not less than thirty-five sail, some say thirty-seven, put to sea, it appears from Brest on Christmas-day, or the day before, and after losing a three decker in sight of the port, obliged to return and wait for a week.

"Port first discovered to be empty by my gallant friend, Sir Sidney S—th.—'Fortune favours the brave,' should be his motto.—Who but himself would have dared to work up into Brest road—hoist French national colours in answer to signals from the shore, and trusting himself within fire of a corvette, a frigate, and two ships of the line, have run under the stern of one of the latter—a dismasted vessel,—there offering her *his assistance!*—and learning in answer to his questions, that she was the Nestor, lately separated from Villaret's fleet, in a heavy gale of wind, which had occasioned her loss of spars.—Bravo! Sir Sidney. But the joke of offering *his assistance!*—Gad, it is too laughable! By my word he well deserved to come off Scot-free as he did!——

——"Torbay once more—weather thick, rainy, and very severe—parted our cable twice during our short stay here, but managed to bring up again both times — other ships of the fleet amusing themselves in the same way—get to sea at last, no less than six and thirty sail of the line.

—Now for glory!—Talking of that, had the honour of dining at Lord Howe's table with Captain Burgos during our stay in the bay—second time of receiving this highly flattering, &c., &c.—only midshipman present. Stern, venerable old fellow—not very handsome, by the by.—There is a word in the vulgar tongue, which delineates his face to a nicety—sha'n't use it—just had three words from him in the course of the evening—asked how my wound was—said something of my uncle serving with him six and thirty years before, at the taking of Cherbourg: my unfortunate deaf ear being nearest to him, didn't catch this remark rightly, and of course did not presume to make him repeat it. Seemed kindly disposed towards me, and desired me to say to Admiral Fluke when I wrote, that business and indisposition had prevented his calling at the 'Folly' before he sailed, but he hoped, nevertheless, that both their lives would be spared long enough to permit his seeing an old friend once more.

"Amen, indeed! say I—for happen what may to either of you, I cannot fail to be the loser.

His lordship I fear, not long destined to enjoy the distinctions he has earned—looking miserably ill —more fit for a sick couch than a winter's sea. But his spirit will not give in.

"Off Plymouth, joined by Admiral Parker, with six sail of the line—five of them our old Portuguese friends now under an admiral's flag. East and West India and Lisbon convoys in company —accompanied them safe out of channel and detached the squadrons necessary for their safe conduct. Cruising between Scilly and Ushant, obtained intelligence of the French fleet—dispersed by the late gales and driven back, chiefly into Brest, others into L'Orient and St. Malo—merely four sail of their line wrecked and sunk! with many of their men. Poor wretches! and in this howling weather! Drowning is a horrid death and I never wish to try it! Have been very near it twice though, and may go that way yet! Spithead—fleet at anchor.

"May. Met Admiral Cornwallis at dinner at the 'Folly'—messmate of Admiral Fluke—offered to take me with him in the Royal Sovereign, to sail

in a day or two with the squadron, amounting to five sail of the line and two frigates — Captain Burgos at table and so declined—with all the modesty a midshipman might possess: mem. not desirous of retaining this distinguished rank much longer. May the 30th — Cornwallis sailed to cruise in the chops of the channel—old boy, rather too stiff and methodical for me, said however to be an excellent officer; allows no one in his ship to swear, except himself. The health of poor Lord Howe said to be declining fast—rumours of his retiring from command. Lord Bridport to succeed—sorry for it.

"June the 12th. Sail from Spithead, Lord Bridport commander-in-chief of the channel fleet, now amounting to no more than fourteen sail of the line—accompanied by Sir John Borlase Warren in command of an expedition to the bay of Quiberon, northward of Belle Isle, in the province of Bretagne, said to be a project of Mr. Wyndham. Sir John's squadron consisting of three line of battle ships, six frigates, and fifty or sixty transports, containing two thousand five hundred emi-

grant troops—wish him much joy in the command of them—that's all. Emigrant troops!—emigrant troops!—emigrant fiddlesticks much more to be depended on in their way—at the opera-house.

" 19th—having convoyed Sir John close to his destination, parted with him in supposed safety and possession of a splendid breeze—stood off the land—received intelligence during the night from Sir John Warren of the French Brest fleet being close at hand, while we fondly imagined them snug in port—said to consist of sixteen sail of line besides frigates. Sir John ordered to send back his three liners to bring us on an equality. Odd's fish! what has happened to our navy, my Lord, that fourteen English are not a match for sixteen French?

" 20th—Sir John Warren himself in sight to leeward.

" 22d—Get sight of the French fleet, less by four sail of the line than reported. Day spent in endeavouring to come up with the enemy. Tormented by light winds, dwindling towards midnight

to a calm. French fleet distant about eight miles. If a man's nose now were only eight miles long, confound it, how easy it would be to board them! Mem. those who want glory must seek it by some other path! than the bridge of my nose. Fame has before now been won upon a *tête du pont*, but never hitherto upon such a *pont de tête*—yet why not? the brazen beaks of the Grecian galleys were, we all know, more serviceable than rare, and why not the human proboscis. Admiral G—— now would be a fine subject for the experiment.

"23d—Faugh!—Bah!—Psha! and every other exclamation in the language—'I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,' than have to scribble down the miserable success of such a day! Oh, my Lord Bridport! Oh, my Lord Bridport! Pity 'tis, that when people take to the manufacture of Admirals, they cannot strike off at the same time the torpor of the last ten years of their lives—as a smith would sever the encumbering fetters of a freedman.

"Daylight this morning found us in possession of a nice breeze from the southward and westward. The body of the enemy certainly within

six miles' distance, some of them much less, and one ship not two and a half miles off from our van. This last consisted of six sail of the line, ourselves among the number, rather straggling, it is true, and headed by the gallant old Queen Charlotte, seconded by the Irresistible.

"At six, A.M., the French rear opened fire, upon our van, which proceeded to engage the enemy as fast as it could come up. At a quarter to seven, the enemy's second rearmost ship—the Formidable—having sustained the heavy fire of the Queen Charlotte and Sans Pareil, discontinued the action with the loss of her mizen mast, and hauled down her colours. At twenty minutes past seven, her example followed by the Alexandre, (the very ship which Captain Bligh had lost off Sicily the year before,) and soon afterwards by the Tigre.

This was a nice commencement of the action. As yet none of us, save the Queen Charlotte, had received any damage worth mentioning, and our van was in full chase—the Sans Pareil to leeward—the Colossus to windward. The enemy were inferior in numbers, shut out from any port nearer

than Lorient, to windward of them, with the disadvantage of a lee shore and the weather gage in our possession. What a splendid opportunity—for what?—obeying the admiral's order. At a quarter past eight the leading ships of the British fleet were signalled to forbear further chase or action—the admiral's flag-ship, the Royal George, wore and stood out to sea, followed by the fleet; while M. Villaret, hugging himself at his escape, worked up to windward in shore, getting between an island and the main land, and finally entering Lorient between eight and nine in the evening.

"To crown it all, we are even divided among us, as to the island in question, off which we have taken three prizes instead of a dozen!!! Some contend for its being Belle Isle, but the majority with propriety insist on its being Isle Groix.

"Now then, if ever, Sir John Warren's Quiberon expedition may succeed.—It is not, however, made of the right stuff for success.—Emigrants and success!—Do the words look as if Nature ever intended them to go together?

"We learn from our prisoners, that Admiral

Cornwallis and his little squadron, fell in with M. Villaret five days before ourselves—on the 17th — and managed to escape out of the jaws of the enemy, notwithstanding that their number was more than double his own.—Manœuvring and doubling on his rear, for their protection, as a bear does with her cubs—well done, Cornwallis!—you've the true pluck of a British seaman; though you wont allow any one to swear on board but yourself—Gad I almost wish I'd accepted your offer—at any rate 'twould have been some credit to have been in your affair —can't say so much for our own, save that we've lost some three men killed and ten or a dozen wounded,—the total loss of our fleet being thirty-one, and a hundred and ten.

"It seems that M. Villaret had quitted Brest on the 12th ultimo—the day that we left Spithead, by the by—for the purpose of relieving M. Vence, said to be blockaded in Belle-Isle by Cornwallis. —This was not the case. The French admirals fell in with one another at sea; Vence being then on his road to Brest.—The junction of their

squadrons, forming the fleet from which Cornwallis had but just escaped, and which, in turn, had just escaped from us—

> "Little Bo Peep has lost his sheep,
> And can't tell where to find them;
> Let them alone, they'll all come home,
> And bring their tails behind them.

"Hear that our friends of the Quiberon expedition have succeeded in making good their landing on the 27th, and successfully beat back the few republicans opposed to them—strong hopes entertained.—Once more wish them joy of it.—Fleet vastly busy doing nothing, varied with occasional cruising after nobody.

"Predictions beginning to be verified at Quiberon.—Emigrants worsted in their first offensive operations against the French army, under Hoche—sad accounts—disaffection, desertion, and every thing else!

"Quiberon completely sold!—*Treachery* actually has delivered them into the hands of the republicans.—So much for emigrants!—the only good hands have, it seems, been slaughtered, and

stores, sufficient for some fifteen thousand troops, presented gratis to the foe!

"Well, Sir John—you're immortalized, at any rate!—A gallant officer too, in your way, but sacrificed to a plan never very promising, and based on means neither adequate in extent, nor trustworthy in materials.—An invasion of France by a body of from two to five thousand men!—these, emigrants, too!—Placing kings upon thrones, I should say, is up-hill work!

"Received letters and despatches from England by H. M. Sloop R——, several from the Folly.—Cornelia well—the admiral continues to be not less delighted with her, than I had expected.—Letter from the admiral himself, written by his surgeon, laconic as usual, and kind as ever—thanks me most heartily for the few cases of French wines I was able to send him the other day, through Captain Burgos. Nothing seems capable of affording him greater pleasure than the thought that he has still some friends afloat, who think of him with kindness.

—"After a great deal of circumlocutory matter,

he proceeds to say, 'you will see, boy, that I am obliged to trouble my friend the doctor to send ye this—for as bad a secretary as that good for nothing old corporal was, I find his successor is not better, and not being yet quite used to him, there are some matters in which I am loth to trust every thing to the management of a third party, as formerly.—I hope, boy, ye follow my advice strictly, and break the head of that old horse pretty duly—once or twice a week—just to let him know that he has a pimple of some sort on his shoulders.—A pretty grateful rascal he is, to have started off and left his old master, too blind to budge a step, without fear of falling overboard.—Ye couldn't give him a sickener, could ye, boy, of this cursed rambling vein of his?—But mind, Charles, on no account to let out to him that I said so—I won't have his conceit swelled out by thinking I can't do without him—he was bad enough on that score when he went away, but if I ever got him back on those terms, the dog would be unbearable.—Were I only alongside the walking ramrod, if he shouldn't feel the weight of my broadside, my name's not

Phil Fluke.—When I come to overhaul the matter clearly, it wasn't altogether considerate in Burgos to ask me for him—and I don't think that you, Master Charles, stand as fairly acquitted in this affair, as you might have done—but what right have we old fellows to complain?—Treat us how ye like, sirs—rough or smooth, I suppose we must grin and bear it—aye, aye, grin and bear it!—However, my young master, I suppose you think even *my* word sufficiently worth attention, to continue your journal in the way I pointed out to you—I hope when you're off duty, that you don't go idling about the decks with your hands in your breeches' pockets, as you see most younkers of your age do—nor pass your time in skylarking in the berth, and annoying your oldsters, nor let yourself be found caulking about the orlop decks with your head under your wing at noon day, like a chick on one leg, but continue to read and study a proper portion of your leisure hours in the captain's cabin as usual—and don't swallow what you read as a schoolboy would plum pudding—look to the style, youngster—see how it's put together—Egad, sir, if

I don't see you pay attention to these matters, you know it will be quite impossible I should ever trust you with my memoirs.'—Smiling at the warmth of the good old veteran, I put into my pocket the letter, so characteristic of him in every line; determining to use my utmost endeavours to bring about what I saw he wanted. I previously however made for the cabin, to deliver a message for him to Captain Burgos, when who should I meet, standing at the head of the hatchway, but Corporal Royal.

—" The Corporal's face, I saw at a glance, contained a great deal of importance, and his hand moreover contained a letter—' What Corporal, and have you too, been receiving your despatches?'

" ' Why, something in that way, Master Charles, and I can't say, Master Charles,' rubbing his head, ' that they're altogether so pleasant as they might be.—Lor, Lor! bless my heart alive, sir! what a deal o' trouble that little freehold down there in Dock does give me!—Why now, here Sir, here's a letter from Sir John St. Mowbray's solicitors—To be sure, 'tis only to ask my leave about building some premises or another close to my little estate—

and they want to persuade me that it would be twenty times more for my advantage if I would sell it to Sir John—a pretty go that would be, your honour!—when I want to detail it down to my young ones, just as I got it.—There was my father—God bless his old soul!—he used to say—"Joe, my boy!—hold your head up with the best of them! There's I and Sir John St. Mowbray, we own the whole of Dock—and so shall you, my lad, all in good time!"—and shouldn't I like, your honour, to say the same to my young cheat-the-gallows, in my old age?—No—no—Joe Royal's not going to sell them any of it, no, not so much of the brick and mortar of it, as would sarve for a pinch o' snuff—but 'tis plaguy troublesome to be so far away from your property!—How can I tell, master Charles, what cantrips they may be playing off with it? or what catamaran they may run up alongside of it?—and then, Sir,' speaking in an undervoice, 'then there's the skipper too, he's been getting confounded whimmy of late—there's no pleasing him sometimes at any price—and the first lieutenant comes bullying about one's ears—

Them sort o' cattle you know, master Charles, are all very well in their way, when you're used to 'em, but I can't say I am, for though the good old admiral—God bless him!—used to snap and snarl, I never minded that—I knew he would never come to biting in rale arnest; 'tisn't so here.—I do wish, master Charles, you'd make haste and get a ship o' your own.—Have ye heard from the old admiral, to day, Sir?'

"'Yes, Joe.'

"'I hope he's hearty as usual.'

"'Quite.'

"'Well, I'm glad to hear it—I should think, your Honour'—suddenly shifting the question, 'that Dixon must make but a poor hand at writing all his Excellency's letters.'—This last was a sentence half ejaculatory, half interrogatory, but determined not to help out the corporal, in his advances to the point, which I knew him to be approaching, I said nothing in reply.

—"'Didn't ye think, Sir, when ye saw him last, that the poor old gentleman was looking rather weakly:'—still I was silent:—'I fear, somehow,

your honour, that they don't 'tend to him properly —not that they wouldn't do so if they could, master Charles—but I don't think they're quite so used to all his ways as—as—as they might be, d'ye see, Sir?'—'Confess it, now, Master Joe,' said I, 'you've been hopping round the bush sufficiently long; confess that you're heartily tired of playing Sancho Panza's part to my knight errantship, and that you long to be once more at the Folly, in your own snug berth of secretary and factotum.— 'I—Master—tired of—I?' repeated Joe, taken quite aback. 'Oh, no, Sir, I'm not tired of it by no means.' 'Come now, don't stand there, you old rascal, and tell such a story with that imperturbable face—you know you're longing in your heart to be back with your old master once more.'

"'Why, why, your honour—hear to me in this— I must say a better master never could be, and for the matter of that, I shouldn't feel any great ejection at taking up as you call it my old berth, for I must say 'twas never one of the worst—but Lor bless ye, Sir, 'twould never do to let the old admiral know I wanted to come back—why I

should lead such a life, by jingo! as never man led in this blessed world—I shouldn't be able to say the nose on my face was my own.'

"'If that be all that disturbs you, then set your mind at rest, you old rogue—for the admiral lets out in his letter, that he's just as much in want of you, as you of him'—'No, now does he your honour?'—half disbelieving me, and yet overjoyed at the news.—I read him the passage.—'Hang it!' said Joe, with an emphatic word I don't care to transcribe, and suddenly striking his thigh—'if the old admiral isn't the kindest hearted soul that ever God put breath of life into!—And please the Lord I live to see the poor old gentleman once more, if ever I leave him again till the life's clean out of him or me, may I never be called Joe Royal!'—The warmth and enthusiasm of Joe's feelings had called into his eyes some traces of a womanish weakness, which he turned away to conceal. I told him that he might comfort himself with soon obtaining the object of his desires, as from some other private letters, I had reason to believe we were on the point of being recalled home. The

faithful creature then went off to regain his composure, at leisure, and rejoice over a change of destiny, which I knew him to desire more than any other.

—" Kerslake, by the death of a distant relative, has come in for a considerable property—part of it in Spain.—Happen what may to him, he is a man radically bad—a selfish libertine to boot.

" September : my private information proves correct—return to Spithead with Lord Bridport, Admiral Harvey, in the Prince of Wales, being left in command of the remainder of the fleet, to watch that of the French, now scattered between L'Orient and Brest.

—" Night after we made sail for old England, met with an accident that bids fair to shorten my stay in the land of the leal.—That mischievous monkey, young T—rs—y, having a feud, it seems, with another youngster, determined to cut him down.

" M—rr—y, the name of the intended victim, happens to sleep next to me, and the blunder of a new hammock-man, having put his hammock in

my berth, mine, to save trouble, was without my knowledge slung for the night in his—of this T—rs—y was ignorant, and consequently cut away my head clue-line instead of M—rr—y's. A wash-deck bucket having been left very negligently in the way, my hammock fell directly upon it, with a blow which makes me shudder when I recall it. Coming to my senses in a few minutes, I found myself half choked by a rush of blood from the lungs. Readily distinguishing it, by it's taste, I called the corporal of the watch to bring his light, and somewhat alarmed at the spectacle presenting itself, made him rouse R—ss—l, the assistant surgeon—every necessary assistance was rendered, but I still continue in the sick list, hardly daring to look at my pocket handkerchief, lest the tell-tale spot should appear—for the least exertion brings back the effusion more or less—Pleasant! and in a profession like the navy, which requires such perfect health!—to be reduced from the rudest strength, to worse than the helplessness of a child!—and by the provoking instrumentality of a wretched brat —though the young urchin is, I believe, about as

sorry for it, as it is possible to be—and hard work we've had of it to keep the origin of the affair quiet.

—"Anchored at Spithead—surgeon advises me to get my name on the guardship's books, and obtain from four to six months' leave, for change of scene and relaxation—no particular objection to that. Proposed, therefore, to go on shore at once, and get out to the Folly—Easterly wind blowing—not allowed to venture on shore till it shifts—and this, for one who, whether it hailed or rained, blew cats or dogs, at one time heeded nothing.—I begin to believe what I often felt inclined to doubt—that no loss is so bitter as that of health—the loss of a friend—if you really have such a thing—is more maddening for the moment—but to that, Time brings relief—this seems eternal.—I can feel for wild beasts in their cages, with bars as unyielding as their jailor's hearts.

"Wind veered to the westward of South—blessed be the change, and blessed the mild quarter from whence it blows—I suppose I shall have to go and end my miserable days there.—Alas! am I

then to be like my fathers?—born only for exile? —but they'll give me my step, I presume.—Think of dying a lieutenant!—Alas! what wretched vanity! As if one could not even decay in peace were our embers to remain unfanned by Folly's idle breath. What need I care, who treads over my head,—when eight out of ten may be greater fools than myself?—though that would be unnecessary we may suppose.—Hark, the boat is ready, I hear the rattle of the oars.—Here my faithful Royal, I do believe, if there is such a quality as sincerity in the world, that you possess it,—patient bearer of all my caprices,—endure me but a little longer, and the play is o'er!—The boat is waiting, the wind is fair, we must be going:—so stow these idle follies in my desk, or as friend Horace more correctly expresses himself, —'*I puer, atque meo citus hæc suscribe libello.*' —But write it in a hand that's legible, and then—why then, Corporal Joe, you'll do more than your master."

CHAPTER VIII.

———I HAD no sooner made my number at the Folly, than I was received by the old veteran with open arms.—Leave? I should have a twelve-month's leave if need be, and the whole race of youngsters having been duly anathematized *en masse*, and the villanous practice of cutting-down exclaimed against in particular, the admiral placed my hand in that of Cornelia: telling me, that if a perfect restoration to health depended on the nurse, I by experience knew the goddess, to whom my prayers were to be directed.

On hearing this gallant speech of the old warrior's, I told him, I began to grow rather jealous, lest it should have been a practice of such idolatry in my absence, which now made him so much at home in proposing it to me.

"Nay, nay, boy, no fear of that, d'ye see, for this reason — another sly worshipper whom I could name without much difficulty, d'ye mark me?—has managed to take up all the spare room in that little shrine.—Hard work it would be, I take it, to rout him out. What say you, Cornelia?"

The conscious blood circled in her cheek as her glowing eyes met mine. Withdrawing her hand from the admiral's grasp, she sought the window, and stepped forth upon the quarter-deck.

As I gazed upon her fine form, which she carried with the grace that seldom fails to distinguish a well-bred foreigner, I felt my bosom agitated with a strange and varied emotion—rapturous, intense, and yet so closely allied to pain! —So violently did my heart beat, that I raised my handkerchief in the involuntary fear of a relapse of my torturing complaint.

Why I should be thus agitated at the simple presence of Cornelia I know not, thought I. Without one motive for either checking or disguising the affection that has sprung up between us—what is there to fear? I thought, it is true,

of another alliance which had been marked out for me, but as instantly recalled my father's advice, never to sacrifice my happiness to ambition.—Happen what may, my profession will still at least be open to me—What with these lungs?

"Well, my dear boy," said the admiral, at the end of a long conversation, suddenly interrupting me in a deep reverie by laying his hand on mine, "how say you, Charles?—How goes on the preparation for the memoirs? Hard at work—eh—have you been? Hope you've not forgotten to keep that journal I spoke of?"

"No, admiral, I've kept it very faithfully, as you shall see."

"That's right, boy, that's right—'twill get ye up, as it were, for the more serious work of the memoirs.—The memoirs," slapping me familiarly on the knee—"the memoirs are the thing—they'll be the very making of ye—the more I think of it, more I'm convinced they'll be the very fortune of ye. I've thought of ye, boy, while you've been working away at sea. Got all my papers in

order for ye,—lettered—numbered—and labelled —ye'll be able to put your finger on every jack of them at a moment's notice."

I was about to make some reply expressive of my thanks, when the corporal entered with a face which bespoke evil tidings.

"What is the matter, Royal," said I; the corporal shook his head. "Has any thing happened on board?"

"Captain Burgos!" whispered the corporal in my ear.

"What of him, Royal?"

"Alas! Sir! poor gentleman!" Joe turned away his face from mine, looking out into the grounds as he continued—"he was a kind master, and a good officer—aye, and a seaman's friend every inch of him!"

"He '*was*,' Joe!—What do you mean by '*was*'?"

"Aye, Sir, he *was*!—and more's the misfortune for them that sailed with him, he *was* all that, —aye, and more than ever he will be again; and saving my regular old master there—the admiral,

and you, Mister Charles,—I'd never wish to meet a fairer spoken gentleman or a better man;—so may he never be wanting in some old shipmate aloft, to give his true character, for he'll never hoist a pennant below here no more."

"Merciful powers! Royal, is Captain Burgos dead?—What has happened to him?—When did he die?"

"Don't know, Sir, any of us, any more than the babe unborn—went into his cabin at six o'clock this morning to call him as usual, and there he was, with his head hanging out over one side of his cot, as it might be, quite dead, and almost as cold as a stone."

"Do you tell me so?"

"Aye, indeed, do I, Sir?—The surgeons have been all very busy trying if they can do anything, but it's all over. I've just brought the body, Sir, ashore to Haslar Hospital, and thought I'd better come out and tell the admiral of it as soon as might be."

Poor Captain Burgos!—This was, indeed, a sudden cutting off from life—another friend lost

to me!—Was I then so rich in these that I could spare them thus successively, and in so short a space?

—In a few days my name was entered on board the guardship, and my mind set at ease by the possession of admiralty leave for five months. This being the arrangement contemplated, the admiral applied—immediately after the death of poor Captain Burgos, and before his successor was appointed—to the first lieutenant, who, fulfilling the promises of his late superior, discharged Royal from the books and exchanged Will Watch into the guardship to which I was appointed; receiving a dozen fresh hands in return. This last manœuvre—on account of Will's being an active hand—it was not so easy to manage; but the difficulty was at length overcome through my never failing friend, who had Watch entered among the captain's servants, to prevent his being draughted to sea. To this indulgence was also added, leave to visit his friends once more.

Honest Joe Royal, seeing, and it must be added, rejoicing, that his bout of rambling was

over, now took to his old duties with renovated vigour. Interminable yarns touching and concerning the sacking of Toulon, the glories of the 1st of June, and very considerable strictures on the indecisive affair off Bretagne, together with Lord Howe and the channel fleet, Lord Hood and the Mediterranean, were also added, *ad infinitum*, to a stock by no means small before; so that when the above topics were mingled with those of "your honour's uncle," &c. &c. &c.—tales never very lucid, became perfectly bewildering.

It would seem that this fact obtruded itself even on the mind of his master: for firm in his resolution that such grave matters of history, should not be dependant upon the hearsay of contemporaries and the memory of descendants, he now set himself seriously to work, recasting in a durable form, the mass of papers destined to form his long contemplated "memoirs."

It was on a Monday morning—the breakfast things had been cleared away, the paragraph containing the appointment of the Rutland's new

captain had been read and discussed, my arm-chair was drawn up beside that of the admiral.—Indulging in a dreamy ecstasy of admiration, I was watching the light form of Cornelia sporting in the warm sun of a winter's morning.

"Charles, my boy," said the admiral, "the mention of the Rutland's new captain, reminds me that the news of poor Burgos's death, interrupted our discussion about your journal."

"It did, Sir."

"Ay,—well, if ye happen to have it handy, and could spare time to read me your last voyage, I'd be much obliged t'ye."

Producing my note book, I instantly complied with his request.

"Very good, boy!" said the admiral, "very good!—That affair of Bridport's was certainly not so successful as it might have been, but still, d'ye mark me, you must not be too severe in these matters, for more reasons than one."—Here the old admiral settled himself in his chair with a dignity that might have become a judge. "First, d'ye see?—it isn't in consonance with the tone

and spirit of the service, that a commander in chief should be arraigned and condemned without a hearing, by any officer who may happen to be serving under him.—This d'ye see, master midshipman, was never intended by the rules of the navy.—Next, you'll observe, you should be very wary at all times—so juvenile as you are—of censuring the proceedings of your seniors,—for this, youngster, is not in accordance with nature: and thirdly, you should never presume to judge of the duties of a station in which—at any rate as yet—you have had no opportunity of trying your own strength and weakness—for this, Charles, is unfair from man to man:—still there is a good deal in your journal which is very commendable.—I like to see young people observant, and I'm glad, too, to remark, that you do not negligently let the year go by, without reflecting on the progress which, during that time, we have been able to make in the war. I like it, too, boy, for another thing; I believe it shows what ye thought and felt, without concealment or hypocrisy—none of your special show books written

to please my ear, and only fit to light my pipe. —But still, it has one great fault—'tis too brief."

"True, Sir, but"—"Yes, yes, it will doubtless do very well for a memorandum of your own—of no moment here or there—but when you come to write those memoirs"—

"True, admiral, that would, indeed, be a very different thing!"

"It would, boy, it would; and just to give ye an idea of the way it should be done, I've determined to take advantage of your being here at the Folly, to commence a little of it myself: just to set the affair going, d'ye mark me?—I'll take care, boy, it shan't be any labour to you, so I've ordered Corporal Royal to get every thing ready and be in attendance himself at eleven o'clock, in my secretary's cabin—my cot has been moved upstairs again.—Hark!—there's eleven striking! Come, I dare say we'll find master Joe there waiting further orders."

"Then take my arm, Sir."

"Thank ye, boy,—d'ye see, it will be no fatigue

to you, Charles, simply to run over Royal's rough copy of the manuscript, and correct the dog's bad spelling, and as for my dictation, why the time of a poor old fellow like myself, had as well —ay, and better—be devoted to such a purpose, than thrown away in burning my cane, with poking a fire I can't see."

As the admiral finished this sentence, he arranged himself comfortably in his easy seat, and I, having closed the door, took mine near the fire; as for the secretary-corporal, there he sat at his desk as immoveable and upright as Eddystone lighthouse,—looking neither to the right nor left, but grasping his pen, already filled with ink, big with the importance of his station, and rapt in proud anticipations of the space he was to fill in the eyes of posterity.

"I think," said the admiral, after a reflective pause, "'twill be wisest to begin with the title-page."

"I think so too, Sir," I replied.

"Ay," resumed the admiral, "that does, indeed, seem to be the gammoning of the craft—

and you know, Charles, that pretty well the first step towards rigging a ship is the gammoning her bow-sprit."

"Yes, yes, admiral."

"Well then, corporal, write—THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF PHILLIP FLUKE, *Admiral of the Blue. Edited from his own Memoirs by Charles* —but stay, boy, 'twill be but fair to leave a space for your style and titles.—I hope you'll live one day to earn something for yourself, and then you can fill the blank up.—So then, how does it run now—'THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF PHILLIP FLUKE, *Admiral of the Blue. Edited from his own Memoirs.*'—What think ye of that, Charley?"

"That nothing could well be better, Sir."

"Glad ye like it!—but stay, there's one alteration; instead of 'edited from his own memoirs,' say, 'edited from his own papers.'—For 'twould be childish in me to think—old as I am and feeble — that I should ever live to complete them myself; — I just set them a-going, and scarcely contemplated that — No, say 'edited from his own papers,'—'twould be wrong to hope

for more!—Now then, Royal, for the preface."—And after the same manner the preface was written, and the memoirs begun. The admiral dictating to Royal, and the corporal copying down with heart and soul in his very best small Roman text.

The gravity which prevailed in the looks of either, might have furnished forth the whole council of Nice, and yet have left some to spare, while kings enchaining states, and depopulating nations, never were more earnest in their work.—The first step of so methodical a person as the admiral, was to allot a certain portion to be performed each day.—In this, I must confess, he was not wholly unmerciful; since he fixed the quantity at five pages. This then was duly dictated and indited between the hours of eleven and three in the morning. I corrected it between eight and nine in the evening: and the corporal then transcribed it fairly by half past ten, at which time it was doomed to undergo a fourth and final process.

The admiral had for years made it an invariable

rule of his life, ever to be in bed by the last named hour—half past ten. On the evening of the day on which our literary labours were thus auspiciously commenced, I was summoned from the drawing-room by the corporal; he told me that his master, who had just got to bed, sent his love to me, and if I could afford him a spare half hour, he should feel much obliged.

Hurrying to his bed-room, I found the veteran comfortably propped up as usual in his capacious cot; everything that he might by any possibility want during the night, was placed on a dumb waiter beside him. At the distance of two paces, the corporal presided at a table, whose tapers were, however, shaded from the admiral's eyes, while it upheld sundry decanters and glasses, together with a tumbler full of hot spirit and water, which seemed especially to belong to the corporal. Before this worthy, lay spread out a pile of papers—pens, and ink.

As these last articles caught my eye, I confess I gave an involuntary shudder. What! more of the *cacoethes scribendi?*—This mania is too

violent to last long.—Heaven send it may not be the death of my old friend.

The admiral pointed to a chair beside his bed—"I've just sent for ye, Charles," said he, "that ye may have the advantage of hearing the fair transcript read.—In a matter such as this—d'ye mark me, boy?—when an officer is transmitting down to posterity, the materials for future history, and condensing as it were, into one page, the services of a long life,—the benefit of his successors in the noble profession to which we have the honour to belong, renders it imperative on every writer, to omit no precaution that can add accuracy to his production. On such an aim, I contend, boy, that no indolent or selfish motive should encroach.—You will appreciate my intentions, therefore, by the pains I take, when I tell you that I have determined to hear Royal read to me every night—before I close a lid, boy, —such a portion of the memoirs, as may have been written during the day.—Besides, d'ye see, it will be an additional safeguard to reflect on that which I have already given, as it were, to the world, as

well as to arrange more maturely that which is to come next.—This—d'ye mark me—I shall have ample time to do in the long intervals of the night, which such a poor old hulk is condemned to pass before he can get asleep.—Now then, Royal, begin."

The admiral having turned himself on his side, with his face towards me in an attitude perfectly suited to repose, and yet apparently one of great attention, the secretary at once began.

Touched by the dignity of his subject, honest Joe with a strong voice, the gravest look, and a pronunciation the most slow and solemn, commenced reading the title-page—proceeded with the preface, and entered on the birth, parentage, and education.

There were, as you know, only five pages to get through, yet considerably before the third page was finished, a slight noise proceeded from the admiral—it was not exactly a snore either—but such as it was, it certified to me in the most ample and satisfactory manner, that the gallant old author was already fast asleep.

The corporal, however, far too deeply engaged to notice such a trifle, or indeed aught but his own fine writing, proceeded on to the very last colon, or I should rather say, period, and then after an expressive pause, as much as to say "think of that!"—he slowly shut the book and turned his glance on me.—Pressing my finger on my lip, and giving him in silence to understand how matters went, I extinguished every thing save the ordinary night-lamp, and making the surprised secretary swallow off his joram, and take his precious MS. under his arm, we quitted the room in the utmost stealth, leaving the veteran to his well earned repose.

This then was the scene, or I should rather say farce, which night after night was enacted. With regard to the quantity to be written, the admiral became perfectly feverish and uneasy, if from any cause he felt himself unable to get through it.—Like Penelope's web, however, the veteran went back as much by night, as he got forward by day; for no sooner had the secretary turned over the second page, than somehow or

other his master was fast asleep.—This circumstance, it is true, Joe never deigned to notice, but read as on the first night, to the end of his portion, and then retired. Not so quietly, however, did Philip Fluke submit to this arrangement, for on the morning after each reading, he attacked Joe in sound terms for what he termed his "rascally reading."

'Hang ye, Sir!—ye obstinate old fool!" he would say, "I can't think what's come to ye.—Ye used to be able once to spell through a letter or a book, and even now, ye can read the newspapers for your own amusement, but no sooner do I set ye on a task of importance—one, Sir, that you are honoured by performing, than ye try to see how ill ye can fulfil your part—I tell ye, Sir, over and over again—you old stiff-necked horse!—that after ye get over the second page, there's no hearing a word ye say."

"Beg your excellency's pardon—I never make any difference in my reading—I dress it all, Sir, straight on from right to left, rank and file, till I come to the end of the muster-roll, and so you'd

hear your excellency, if you 'd only try to keep awake while I "—

"Awake, you scoundrel!—sleep, you impertinent Jackanapes! and this to me!—who very often can't get a wink—ugh—ugh—ugh—not a wink, I say, throughout the night; and this impudent bare-faced falsehood, you old swab, to excuse your own broken-winded snuffle!—I tell ye, Sir, once more, that ye no sooner come to the third page, than you mumble mumble away, so that not a word can be heard; just as you do very often outside my door of a morning.—I know when you set off on your cantrips, and then I call to ye as loud as I can, to raise your voice, and you by way of obedience—you old horse!—let it down to a whisper, and sit there and pretend to be deaf all the while—you know you do!—Egad, if I know what you're fit for!—except it is a corporal of marines!"

" Well, your excellency—"

" Come, Sirrah—no reply—I'll cure ye o' this trick o' yours, for take my word, wherever I hear you haul your mumbling tacks on board—there,

at that very place, you begin, Master Joe, the next evening."

The admiral being as good as his word, and still never being able to watch out more than the two fatal pages, thus necessarily lost three a night, until the arrears of hearing, having as in a chancellor's court, got immeasurably astern of the business transacted, the bulk of what was written, might have convinced the poor old officer of his somniferous error, had he been any longer blessed with sight.—This not being the case, Joe very wisely determined at last to give in; taking, without reply, his master's rebukes on the score of his "mumbling," and never again presuming to hint the possibility of great Homer's napping.

In return, however, for these concessions, Joe looked for others towards himself, equally absurd and much less innocent.—Joe certainly had the most lordly notion of orthography of any man I ever met.—Correction! Defend me!—never was a corregidor more needed even in the sinning city of Seville.—The rough copy was a mere blot!—Still, however, the obstinate old fellow would

rather have suffered any punishment, than been made to do what was right.

Correct his blunders in whatever way I would, he never failed to take the first opportunity of transcribing the word or sentence exactly as he had first written it, till at length a circumstance occurred, which made me give it up in despair.

After a desperate day's errors, I had altered the word 'onions' to its proper orthography, from the way in which it stood in Joe's large text—namely, 'unyuns.'—This Joe—who always stood by with parental solicitude—seemed to consider as a piece of wanton and unnecessary interference on my part, and for a long time, he stood me out, that his method was as admissible as mine. "That was the way they spelled it when he was a boy.—He didn't see why it should be altered—he wasn't bound to know all their new fangled chops and changes."

"Give me Johnson's dictionary,"—not in its place,—a hunt—not one to be found—Master Joe had hid them all away!—Determined to

rout the corporal out of his strong-hold if possible, I went to my room and got a small copy of my own.

"Well, Mr. Charles," said he, when he saw the word, "you may take the part of them fellows against an old shipmate, Mr. Charles, if you will, but I can't say I take it kindly of you, and I, who've served so many years for life and death under your own blood uncle!—why, there, take the best hand among 'em, Johnson or Thomson, or Robinson, or any other son of a gun for the matter o' that, and if they've seen half the service in a quiet way, that old Joe Royal has gone through, why he'll undertake to eat 'em, books and baggage!—Why, where now, Mister Charles, is the use of your honour's being so prejudished to what this chap says, or t'other chap says? I should like to know what's the use o' my being admiral's secretary if *my* word's not as good as any body else's?"—Joe's logic was triumphant; letting fall the vanquished lexicographer, I put my handkerchief to my face, and walking into

the garden gave way to my laughter, while I left the unfortunate '*onion*' to the mercies of *u* and *y* for ever!

I had now been six weeks at the "Folly," and the quiet amusement of the life I led, had indeed done wonders. All pain and weakness had left me, more particularly that distressing nervous feeling of apprehension which seemed to prostrate the soul even to the very dust. I had begun to think of turning my wandering steps some where, though at such a season, with Christmas at hand, I knew not where I could be better off; and Cornelia!—How could I leave her side when it was in my own power to remain at will?

I was saved the trouble of thinking, however; one morning, soon after breakfast, just before the commencement of the writing, a carriage and four drove up. The Earl of S—— announced. "Don't know him—show him in." His lordship was a thin gentlemanlike old man, and with an ease that bespoke his long acquaintance with the world, introduced himself to the admiral as a friend of Donna L——.

What think you that he came to announce?—no less a fact than that she had made him the happiest man alive. Yes, yes, no doubt—but he previously by the by was to make her—Countess of S——. The happiest man alive! Query, thought I, the most miserable?

However, it was no affair of mine, but as the bridegroom was to be Cornelia's father-in-law, I naturally looked at him attentively. Four or five and sixty winters were the fewest that had passed over him—good breeding—good carriage—a slight stoop—thin features—cold expression—light figure—bland superficial smile. Cornelia entered unannounced—I watched him as he looked at her. So thought I, my noble *roué* you are caught at last! and by a widow! Well, I wish you joy!

The story of his love with Madame was droll certainly. The widowed Lady C—— resided at no very great distance from the "Folly"; she was a little *passé*, but still set up claims to beauty.—Hers was of the cast denominated blonde. Time had a little dimmed the lily however; the rose, too, it might be, had grown a thought paler, the

eye had sunk from its full swelling form, and the heavenly blue of youth had subsided into gray; still she had many suitors; but there was one who figured in her train, to whom she would willingly have given a legal claim to put the rest to flight; but alas, this honoured individual seemed in no hurry for this promotion—it was the Earl of S——. But his fate was already decided!—Secure him, she was determined she would, and the heart impenetrable to her unaided charms, she now resolved to sap by combination. How was this to be effected? She would consider—"Segrave, order the carriage." Nothing like a rapid drive for the excitement of invention. Her card-list—what had she to do?—a string of names appeared.—No morning visits! "Admiral Fluke—a beautiful Spanish refugee—call on her?—said to be very dark—witty?—so, so—Lord Charles's report. Drive to Fluke's Folly."

Scarcely had the eye of Lady C—— rested on Madame, than her plan was formed. Spanish, unfortunately, she boasted none; her French was however good. So very fortunate, Madame her-

self was a native of the great nation. Lady C—— was a politician. "Beautiful France! who could not weep to see the pearl beneath the feet of swine?—such a country!" Lady C—— had by heart the whole tour, France and the Continent to boot, from Dieppe to Paris and Avignon—Avignon to Florence, Rome, Naples, and Venice—Venice to Vienna—Vienna to Berne, Frankfort, Brussels, Amsterdam. Madame was charmed—my lady was delighted! What a brunette,—how dark—how very dark! Was there ever such a *foil!* Madame could not reside at the "Folly" of course.—*Could* she favour Lady C—— with a *short* visit—only a *very* little visit? She would be but too happy! and her daughter—her beautiful daughter?————No, the admiral begged to retain Cornelia. Then Madame would come alone? She would—how kind! how very kind! The friends of an hour flew into one another's arms with all the grace of Raffaelle's angels, and kissed with the sincerity of ——. Did I say sincerity?

In a week Madame was at the exquisite villa

of Lady C——. You have heard of hearts taken by beauty, by sentiment, by wit, by figure, accomplishments, and even contract—but one by contrast? No? Such then has been the case—the heart was my good Lord S——'s. In due time his lordship declared that stronghold fallen. Madame bore the intelligence to Lady C——. She drew her ladyship aside to a private conference. "Lord S—— has desired me to speak to you, my dear kind friend, on a subject that he affirms to be the nearest and dearest to his heart." How throbbed her ladyship's at such a sentence.

"He has felt the delicacy of speaking himself—"

"I admit it, my dear friend."

"I knew you would, and therefore to be brief—"

"Yes, brief, my love."

"Hopes that you will pardon him for seeming to interfere with your comfort in order to secure his own happiness."

"Let him not think of it."

"Ah, my charming friend! Then you do indeed give your full consent to his proposals for the hand of your—"

"Ladyship?"

"No, my lady—that of your very humble servant"—with astonishment and a profound curtsey.

"How horrible!" shrieked one dear friend—"How droll!" exclaimed the other.—Lady C—— was borne out in a faint, and Madame took a stroll in the garden, to reflect on this contre-temps. During which, by the by, the disputed suitor had announced to the admiral, the measure of happiness which, to use his lordship's words, "now awaited him!"

Somehow—though the world has never had it explained—Lady C—— immediately fell sick. Madame, as her dear friend, staid—perhaps, you would imagine, to nurse her. Madame was sorry—she was penetrated with the most perfect regret at the illness of the charming Lady C——, but the Earl was so impatient. The marriage—The "Folly."—She was compelled to return to her daughter and arrange the day.

Return she did, and despite of the admiral wishing that the ceremony were to be performed on the borders of the Red Sea, or perhaps more fitly at the fountain of the waters of strife, she

nevertheless managed to gain her point, and the first of January was named for the auspicious event.

"Ye see, boy!" said the admiral, "I thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone; and as I was forced to have a jollification whether I would or not, why there was nothing like making the most of it. Grand day here the first of January I promise you. Hark ye, boy—got a letter last night from my old friend the Duke of N————d—tells me there's a promotion coming out on the first. Phil Fluke to get a step by it. Admiral of the white, boy! always have a jollification when I get a step!—always have had, lad, always will. Ah, well a day! I suppose I shall never get another. There is only one more to get—wrong to hope it—wrong to hope it, old fellow like me. No, no, must make the most of this, never live to have another. Come, boy, come and see how Joe's got on with my new flag. St. George's ensign now, boy—fine flag—smacks of old England, St. George and the Dragon—fought under it often—never do so again! Your turn now, boy!—

Come along then, and let's have a rig at old Joe. The old horse has a gang of darning women under him, stitching away at it for life and death I warrant me." * * * * *

"And so to-morrow is new year's day!" sentimentally drawled Joe, as he warmed his hands over the hall fire, while the servants were taking up the tea; "I must remind his excellency of the wine for to-morrow's breakfast," taking from his pocket a small case-comb, and drawing it through his hair, as was his invariable custom before presenting himself on any state occasion. In a few minutes he made his entrée into the drawing room, in the wake of the tea-urn, and having brought up by the side of his master, waited till the bustle had subsided.

"Enemy fairly in sight now, your honour! Won't your excellency be getting all ready for coming to close quarters to-morrow morning?"

"Ay, Joe, to be sure I will—what's in the wind now?"

"No wine out in the fore hold, your excellency, for to-morrow's breakfast."

"True, Joe, true; I'll see to that presently, get the keys and lights ready, by the time we pipe the hands up from catlap," (send away the tea-things,) "and then we'll see to it."

Accordingly as soon as we had finished with the Chinese infusion, the admiral said "Come, boy, you've never seen the stowage below, have ye?"

"No, Sir," I replied.

"Come, then, your arm, Charles, and we'll soon let ye know we have a drop of wine under hatches yet." The first of the cellars that we entered, the admiral chose to call the spirit room. It was a capacious vault, well stocked with port, claret, sherry, and madeira, for ordinary consumption; but the one beyond the after hold, as the veteran termed it, seemed as dear to him as the apple of his eye.—It was of immense size, filled with three times as much wine as the old officer could ever expect to consume, and not a bin or a bottle was there to be found in it, from canary sack to cyprian nectar, which had not some particular claim to the veteran's care and notice.

"This was of the famous vintage of the year so and so,—this was a lot bought at the sale of my old friend * * *—three times to the East Indies.—This, again, d'ye see! was sent me by L——; then, this was some I took in a French prize—the finest Burgundy that ever moistened parched palate—a mere bottle or two—'twas enough, tho' to share with my old friend Ned Hawke—God bless him.—Brave a heart as ever lived—wish he was here to drink a glass with me now.—Joe, we'll broach half-a-dozen of that to-morrow, if it's the very last batch!—God forbid I should forget an old commander's health on the day I get St. George's flag at the main!—This again was so and so,"—and thus the history of the whole cellar was run over by the admiral in his own style, Joe and Dickson going before with a flambeaux, in which there was a true nautical compound of pitch, which served to fumigate the place; the owner advancing on my arm all the while, and distinguishing each particular bin, with his stick, as he went along, and what, I assure you, seemed to me very surprising, he

never hesitated for an instant, nor turned to one of his servants in the slightest doubt, but gave me the contents of them all, and as I was afterwards assured by Joe, without the slightest mistake.—At last we came to the bottom of the cellar — " the aftermost bulkhead," — here we halted.

" D'ye see that pigeon-hole, Charles."

" Yes, Sir."

" Well, boy! that's what I call ' the wonderful hole.'—But just the year before God was pleased to take my eyesight from me, I was going my rounds here, seeing what wines were wanting for the year's fill-up, and thinking, may be, of the old scenes and places where this stock was first got from—Years and years before and after one another, ay, and many degrees apart too, most of them, for I bought the " Folly," d'ye see, soon after I got post rank—thinking then, God help me!—I shouldn't remain a poor lone thing all the rest of my days.—Well boy, I was just overhauling the place, in short, when I struck my cane against the aftermost bulkhead. Egad,

it shook!—struck again, too hollow a sound for solid brick and mortar.—Had in a mason, and down it came in as little time as you'd take to sheet home a main-topsail—there was a range of bins, with seventeen dozen of wine—bricked up as nicely as might be.—What it is, boy, we can't make out to this hour, saving that it's right good wine.—Fine pale pink colour—clear as crystal, sparkles like a brilliant, but yet it's not champagne.—Too good a body rather for any description of Rhenish—egad, I believe it would puzzle even the wine tasters of Sancho Panza's story, as my friend Captain Carrington would say.—Joe, get out for to-morrow a dozen of the vinum mirabile.—For that, d'ye see, boy? I thought was the best name for it.—Ah, there's something mysterious about the matter—I feel a little sort of heart-ache too, when I'm drinking it, walled up in that way, who can say if it isn't some fine old stuff that should be drunk only by the glass, leaving the dozen out of the question. For aught I know, it may be as old as the house, d'ye see, and that was first built by a Dutchman in the

reign of Elizabeth.—I bought it, by the by, of a fellow who hadn't a scrap of title to shew for it, any better than forty years' possession.—That was enough for me! Got it cheap, a few thousands—prize money—prize money, eh, boy?—Last rightful owner went abroad on a cruise of pleasure, and never was heard of; left it to his agent's care, and so it came down."

In the mean time, Joe had been collecting wines by the dozen, from half the bins in the place, and putting them on a large sort of barrow, carried them out into the "spirit room," or ordinary cellar, to be ready for the marriage breakfast of the following morning, when the admiral's "after hold" was closed; he himself desiring me to observe the locks, for which alone he had given fifty-four guineas.—I often afterwards remarked to myself that this was the only point on which I ever observed my kind friend to be suspicious.—Yet it was from no spirit of parsimony, for within a minute after his listening with the most profound attention to the shooting of the cellar bolts, and afterwards actually feeling

the crevice with his hand, he turned round to Royal, and ordered him to get out twelve dozen of port, sherry, and madeira, for the servants' hall.—" But d'ye mark me, boy!" he said, as soon as he reached the drawing room, " put any thing like grog in the way of an old sailor, and ye might as well ruin him.—They can't stand it, Sir,—I've known old hands as honest as ever stepped a plank, turn out no better than—than the boatswain's boy—and every body knows he 's the biggest thief in the ship.—No, no, they may fill and make sail as long as they like in the spirit room, and overhaul the whole—nothing there very choice.—But, egad, I wouldn't trust even honest Joe in the after hold, tho' I dare say the old horse likes a good stiff glass of rum-grog better than the finest wine that ever came from the *Cote d'or*.—Ah! before I lost my eye-sight I used to take a great delight in my wines, and would as soon have thought of flying, as letting Easter or Michaelmas go by, without making up my cellar to a nicety.—Besides, d'ye see, boy!—I had many kind friends who knew my weak

side, and used to send me presents, but they've made sail a-head of me.—Dead and gone!—gone! gone!—And yet, boy, I believe I never could be called a great drinker — well, it's little use troubling my head any longer about it. 'Tis hard to say why the taste should linger, when the means of enjoying it are fled!"—

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"—And what thought you of the wedding, Charles?" said Cornelia, her eyes filling as she turned her looks on me.—The question was repeated.

"Thought"? on what, indeed, could my thoughts rest, and such a face before me!—"The wedding?—I thought it was superb—and a merry day, I doubt not, the admiral made of it, with all his naval friends, whom we left behind congratulating him on his 'step,' but, still"—a sigh filled up the discontinued sentence, and pressing her soft fingers to my lips, I looked out from the carriage window.

"Yes, indeed," resumed Cornelia, "it was

superb!—The crowd of officers all in their splendid uniforms, and then, too, your fair—your dazzlingly fair countrywomen, and the sumptuous breakfast, and the admiral—the dear—dear admiral:—would—thought I, as he gave away the bride, oh, would that she had indeed been his daughter, and then I, too, should have been his child—then—then perhaps I should not have been doomed to part from him!"

Her tears were falling fast and warm upon my hand, but too quickly they found their way to my heart.

"But I—I," her sobs forbid her further utterance for the moment. "I have no parent now:—my mother in a bridal dress, my father, my poor father, but one short twelvemonth since—oh, how the scene of this morning recalled the hour in which I first beheld you.—Here gold and glitter—there, carnage and despair.—Both have cost me dear.—Merciful Heaven! where on earth has my heart a claim for kindness now!"

"Here—here,—beloved Cornelia!" I whispered, overcome at the sight of her grief, and folding

her gently to my bosom. "Here, in the breast of one who sues to you for a title stronger than any—grant him but that, and the arm of a father shall protect you, the tenderness of a mother shall watch over you—the heart of a lover shall adore—" She did not resist the appeal, but weeping like an infant, engrossing from its helplessness, replied to my entreaties but with tears. —That silence, so sorrowful, and yet so eloquent! —What did it not express?—it witnessed the tendering—it spoke the receiving of a contract by which our lives were bound!—Our loves begun in scenes of blood, and ratified in tears, in what were they to close?———Why—why, oh trembling heart, dost thou shrink back from the dim advancing shadows of futurity?——

CHAPTER IX.

In another fortnight my leave would expire, and I must then forsake the presence of a beloved object, and re-embark in the dangers of my profession,—that perilous but dear excitement.—There to strive for pre-eminence and fame!—And is not the final object crowning your struggle to be a grave—a grave as narrow as that of the meanest of mankind?—Poor wretched worm! why wander further for that which will not be denied to you, even by the very soil on which you tread! Here on the banks of * *, one of the most beautiful rivers of Devon.

"Well," said I, "life must be endured!—There are minds so dull as not to feel the galling of its fetters, but the prize is rather to those, who, with the keenest sensibility to feel, unite the greatest

firmness to endure!—I must be gone.—Let me seek Cornelia and break to her my resolution."

Turning from the walk on which I had been pacing—lovely in summer, but now desolated by the icy breath of winter, I made for the house. Since the completion of the happy ceremony, we had been staying at * * Park, an estate in Devonshire belonging to the bridegroom.

Though it would have been folly to expect that my lord and his elected, were to prove a brace of turtle doves, as devoted as if his age had only numbered two and twenty, and hers sixteen, yet, nevertheless, the few weeks during which I remained with them, found them so far taken up with one another, that they felt themselves somewhat independent of that heartless buzz of society, which relieves our solitude without exciting our regard.

To Cornelia and myself thus left almost to ourselves, this brief space was one of quiet enjoyment, approaching, perhaps, as near to bliss as any thing that man can know on earth.—Alas that it had already flown!—Something seemed to

whisper to me that this sweet calm was indeed the prelude to an awful storm, and that strange and startling events were already crowding on my brief existence.

"You must go then to the Folly!" repeated Cornelia; "then I will go too!"—Fearful that this might be opposed, I hinted at the prudence of allowing me to bid adieu to her at once.—No, she would see me to the last.—A boundless field of danger was before me; who could assure her that we might ever meet again? besides she promised to return to the poor old admiral, and if she went not now, she believed that the opportunity would in future be carefully denied to her.

What were her reasons for this conclusion? I know not; her resolves were taken, and she communicated them to the Countess.—The mother commanded—stormed, but the daughter was firm—immoveable.—My lord lectured her on the propriety of the case, but Cornelia answered him in Spanish.

Pleased as I was that she should have gained

her point, and delighted with her society, still as we returned to Portsmouth, I could not help considering whether I had done right to peril all my happiness in the keeping of a spirit so resolved, so little brooking the most trivial let.—But it was done: I had chosen my mate from the brood of the falcon, and could no longer look for the tameness of the robin.

We found the admiral delighted as ever to receive us; warmly congratulating me on my having passed my examination as lieutenant on my way through town, and overjoyed to regain Cornelia, whom he affectionately termed his child. —It was evident that he had shared her suspicions of the Countess being unwilling that her daughter should return to Portsmouth, for the comfort of him whose roof had been her shelter, when the world around was a desert. Breakfast had scarcely disappeared on the third morning following our arrival at the "Folly," when the admiral drew a packet from his pocket, and placed it in my hands.

"There, Charles, my boy, is a little present for ye—let me know what ye think of it?"—Picture

to yourself, my gratitude—my joy, when I read my commission and appointment as lieutenant, to His Majesty's fine forty-four gun frigate, the Lavinia—Captain Carrington.

Alas, she was already at anchor at the Nore when I returned from my leave. As it was thought the North Sea might become her station, I was ordered to join immediately, which I did, taking with me my friend Will Watch. In a few days the foretopsail was fluttering from its yard, and the blue Peter from the masthead—That night found us bounding down the channel with a spread of canvass and a fine breeze, bound—contrary to all our expectations—to the Downs, where a convoy was collecting for the blue waters of the Mediterranean. You can imagine what were the feelings of my heart, when having come to an anchor and finished keeping the first watch, I retired to rest, after taking another look at the portrait of her whom I could not help fancying I should see no more.

"Well," thought I, as I dressed on the following morning, "here am I, fairly launched in my new

capacity of lieutenant—I only hope I may find my present shipmates not less pleasant than were many of my last. One thing I could have wished —namely that Kerslake belonged to any other ship save the one which holds myself; strange it certainly is, that he should have been promoted so nearly at the same time as myself, and appointed too to the same frigate.—However, here we are, and as he at present seems to be the only one on board, against whom I have any very decided dislike, I think I need not fear being pretty comfortable. Captain—evidently a good fellow, though not a little mad on the score of the illustrious Cervantes and the immortal Don Quixote, of which worthies he is eternally raving—mixing them up with incessant quotations from the learned Vanderbruggius.

Vanderbruggius—Vanderbruggius—an author of whose history I cannot obtain the slightest particular, and one certainly to whose writings, my humble erudition has not yet introduced me. Surgeon says, the individual in question was a poet painter and rhetorician, contemporary with Vandyck, Vansomeren, Vandervelde, and many others: while Trysail, the first lieutenant, a bluff

but kind hearted fellow, affirms that he "knows well enough, that the fellow was loblolly boy in the skipper's last ship,"—the master, on the contrary, stoutly maintaining that it is only another name for Van Tromp—"some day I suppose the truth will out!" and saying this I went up the ladder from the lower deck, and walked aft to the cabin door to inspect the weather glass.

Kerslake having been promoted a month before myself, was, of course, my senior, and I relieved his watch. This, as I had the forenoon turn of duty, and it was just on the point of striking eight, I should consequently have to do as soon as I had breakfasted! On reaching the main deck, I there found my brother officer, who had come down to order the sentry to strike the bell, and was standing on the starboard side, opposite to the centinel and myself; he was looking forward very intently at some object that attracted his notice and therefore did not observe me.

I scarcely know what suggested such a thought, but as I looked at his person—certainly more attractive than otherwise—I could not help asking myself, what is it that makes me dislike that

man—without a quarrel, almost without a reason —one who has sought my friendship—but no wonder! Libertinage and Atheism after all, are hateful professions of doctrine!

Scarcely had these thoughts passed through my mind when I observed two females standing by the waist ladder, talking to one of the seamen, "You stay here," said the latter to his friends, "you stay here, while I just jump down below, and get that out of my chest, and I'll be back to you in a minute." I thought I knew the voice, but as the mainmast and the surrounding pumps were between us, I was unable to distinguish more. Indeed I scarcely gave a thought as to who they might be, until they turned towards me, and I saw Kerslake approaching to address them.

The eldest of the fair ladies was an exceedingly tall, powerful, woman, who but for her dress, which, by the by, betrayed somewhat of holiday finery, might certainly have passed for one of the lords of the creation. In her face too—rather of the rubicund species—there was both good temper and daring, and though its expression on the whole

defended her from being thought ill natured, it yet vouched, nevertheless, for her maintaining her own rights, after a manner the most primitive, if not the most polished.

But the younger female—how shall I be able to convey to you any adequate notion of her appearance? Certainly for the walk of life to which she evidently belonged, she was the most perfectly formed, I may say, the most lovely, creature I ever beheld. Tall as she was, the swelling fulness of figure was so beautifully proportioned, that you could find no fault either with the redundancy of the one, or the height of the other—while as for her face! I have seen many more intelligent, and such was Cornelia's, but one more taking I certainly never beheld. Beaming with youth, health, and innocence; and yet, on one more delicately fair you could not wish to look! Oh, it was indeed a countenance that no one could contemplate without emotion, and yet—alas!——

No sooner had the seaman, whoever he was, jumped down the hatchway, than his female friends were, on the instant, accosted by Kerslake, who

I now perceived to have been watching the late conference. The unusual beauty of the fair visitor had so far interested me, that I determined to wait and see how she received the attentions of my messmate.

I know not why,—for the girl was to me a perfect stranger, yet I felt as if I should have been annoyed had she received the intrusion of Kerslake with the smirking and complacent smile of an ordinary rustic.—There was a bashfulness—a native modesty in the expression of her countenance, which seemed to forbid such a conclusion.

Often as women complain of being insulted by the importunities of men, I am afraid that too often the blame—wittingly or not—lies wholly with the fair complainants.—Where is even the novice in affairs of gallantry, who is ignorant of the encouragement to be gathered from the briefest look, the slightest pause, the merest gesture.—Now and then, perchance, the ungenerous impertinence of the intruder is alone in fault.—Such was the case at present.

No sooner was Kerslake seen approaching, than the girl, turning her back towards us, quickly, but quietly, moved aside to let him pass; taking refuge at the same time, behind the person of her elderly friend, who then drew up between two guns.

Far from being disconcerted at this, Kerslake walked towards the strangers, and at once accosted them, with all the freedom of a man perfectly at ease, and too well satisfied with himself, to inquire whether his presence were desirable to others.

"Well, my old lady!" said he, "the top of the morning to you!"—the "old lady" curtseyed.—"This your daughter, old soul?"—trying to take the hand of the latter, as she retired in much confusion.

"Yes, Sir, it is," another curtsey—"and with your honour's pardon, the less ye have to say to her the more she'll be obliged to you."

Any sensible person now, thought I, would take a hint from the firm and respectful manner of both parties, and perceive that it was time to withdraw.—Not so Kerslake: such a rebuff as this, was not calculated to sooth his pride, par-

ticularly when he knew that it was under the eye of the sentry, for I have said he was ignorant of my presence.

"Heigho, old lady!" exclaimed he, returning to the charge, "what! you, so old a stager? and not know the customs of shipboard!" pretending to think it a capital joke, and still struggling to get hold of the young girl's arm. Seeing that this pretty brother-officer of mine, was carrying his annoyance too far, I coughed aloud, but he was too intently engaged to hear me.

"Custom of shipboard," returned the mother, interposing her brawny arms. "Marry, forsooth! and what of them, Mr. Lieutenant?—that you should go to insult an honest woman's daughter."

"Insult, you old fool! don't you know yet, that coming under the half-deck without leave, forfeits a kiss to the officer of the watch."—"Come, come, Sir, that won't do."—"Oh, as for you, old girl, you're safe enough, so you may stand aside at once; but as for your daughter, I'll have"—

"Not you, young swaggerer!" — said the

staunch dame, suddenly extending her open hand, with the intention simply of keeping off Kerslake, but with the unhappy effect of striking him full in the face.

But a moment before, he had pretended to be laughing, and I, seeing that he was getting decidedly the worst of the fray, had been content—and if the truth must out—much amused, to see him receive the disgrace he so well merited, from the hands of the party he had molested.—In an instant, however, the scene was sadly changed.—An expression of the most deadly rage shot across the features of the lieutenant—transported by pain, vanity, and passion, he raised his hand, and before I could spring across the deck to intercept it—dealt the poor old woman a blow that made her stagger. The daughter, poor thing, as instantly shrieked out for help, and with the blood boiling in my veins, I leapt to the spot.

What the impulse of the moment might have tempted me to do, I know not—nor indeed need I consider, for before I could even utter a word,

one of the seamen rushed from forward, and with a single blow, the offender was laid bleeding at my feet.

I looked up—"Heaven have mercy on you, Watch!—What have you done?"—

"'What have I done?'" cried Will, shaking his fist, as he pointed to the prostrate lieutenant, while his whole frame trembled from the effects of the honest anger now beaming on his fine features, "Do you think, Sir, I'll stand by, and see that rascal strike my own mother—the cowardly villain, that he is!—and I never so much as lift an arm for the old 'oman that bore me?"

—"Put the rascal in irons!" interrupted Kerslake, staggering with a vain effort, to lift himself on his knee, while he glared, at the same time, on his unfortunate victim, with a look of the most vindictive malice; rendered still more horrible by the blood that was streaming from a wound in the temple.—"Put the mutinous scoundrel I say in irons! as officer of the watch, I order it."

"You shall have my life first!" cried Will,

suddenly springing with his back against the ship's side, and drawing forth a cutlass from over one of the guns, desperately determined to sell his life as dearly as he could.

By this time the whole ship was in an uproar, officers and men were crowding to the spot, and at my knee were clinging in supplication and in tears, those two whom I now learnt—thus fatally and for the first time,—to be the mother of my old protector, and his idolized sister—Fanny—His own "little Fan."

—Raising them up, and giving them into the hands of the mate of the main deck, who stood near me, I beckoned for silence, and first turned to Kerslake—"If you, Sir, order the captain of the fore-top into irons—because you are officer of the watch,—you need not trouble yourself on that score; it is past eight o'clock, and I here relieve you of that duty."

He waved his hand with a ferocious scowl, as if he would have replied, but the effort, added to his loss of blood, caused him to faint.

Directing some of the men to carry him below

at once to the surgeon, I advanced to poor Will, still standing at bay, amid his wondering shipmates—"as for you, Watch, be persuaded by me—you have been guilty of a dreadful breach of discipline, though perhaps it is only what might have happened to any one under similar circumstances—still you know nothing can bear you out in striking your officer—were such a thing possible, it would be the provocation you have received.—Give up your sword, then, quietly to me, I implore you, both for your sake and my own—it is the only method of proceeding that can save your life—I saw the whole of the affair from beginning to end, and depend upon me, for rendering you every justice, let it implicate who it may,"—still he hesitated.—"If, Watch, you will be obedient neither for my sake, nor your own, think," I whispered—"think of your mother—think of your sister, Will!"

—"God reward you, Sir, though I never can!" said the poor fellow, dropping the point of his blade, while he slid the hilt of it into my hand—the eye so lately glared by rage and frenzy, be-

came soft as a woman's, as he followed the sentry to the opposite side of the deck, under arrest; while I ordered the men to return to their breakfasts, from which the cries of his mother and sister had disturbed them.

Pitying the sad situation of the two latter, I told them to dry their tears, and not make any disturbance, for fear they should be hurried out of the ship, and hoping that all might yet go well, I advised them to do this within five minutes at the farthest, during which time they might see and bid farewell to Will, till they next met.

"When and under what circumstances that may be, I shudder to reflect!" thought I, hurrying below, to report the matter to the first lieutenant, and to ask his orders. Had not the captain unfortunately quitted the ship for the shore, since five in the morning, the knowledge of his vicinity, would in all probability have prevented the occurrence of this disgraceful scene, at the very doors of his cabin.

On my way to the gun-room I met the first lieutenant, Mr. Trysail, scrambling up to the main

deck half dressed, with a razor in hand, arrested by the tumult, in the middle of shaving, which operation had prevented him, as well as others of my messmates, from coming to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. As soon as I had communicated to him the whole of the details, he rubbed his head in much concern, and after many objurgations, broke out into—

"Pretty work! pretty work! scarcely commissioned, and a fool of a boy gets us in for a life and death court martial!—What shall I do—don't like to put Watch in irons without taking any notice of Kerslake—can't favour him either—serves him right!—'pon my soul!—serves him right!—strike a woman!! What shall I do with that poor Watch?—'fraid it's my duty to clap him in limbo, too; and yet he's a smart lad, fine, clever, smart fellow, what shall I do, eh?"

"Why, Sir, if you ask me, and if you find it your duty to put the seaman in irons, which I rather fear it is, I confess I think the most unobjectionable course would be, to issue an order, declaring Mr. Kerslake under arrest, and ordering the master

at arms to take the necessary means for securing Watch, until the captain shall decide on the matter."

"Why, ay, that looks something like it—do you draw up the order, and bring it to me to sign."

Having done this, Trysail desired me to take a boat, and landing the mother and sister of the unfortunate prisoner, proceed to the house of Colonel H * *, who resided at the distance of some four miles from the shore. Here I was told I should find the captain, to whom I was to make a report of the morning's catastrophe.

These instructions received, I made such hasty alteration in my dress, as was requisite, and first seeking out Will, read him the order, to prove that he had received every justice. I then exhorted him to be patient, and confide in my unremitting exertions in his favour, gave the necessary instructions to the master-of-arms, had a boat's crew called away, persuaded Fanny and her mother to get into it, and then delivering the written order to the mate of the watch, in order

that it might be circulated throughout the ship, I got into my boat and shoved off.

You may imagine that mine was no very pleasant row to the shore that day; what with the hysterical sobbing of the sister on one side, and the more hushed, but deeper agony of the mother on the other, I declare I never spent a more painful half hour in my life. We had no sooner gained the beach, than both my passengers declared their firm intention of waiting on Captain Carrington without delay, entreating me at the same time to lend them my assistance in obtaining the interview.

Now, thought I, as the captain models himself on that mirror of chivalry, and flower of gallantry, the immortal Quixote—perhaps there is no more effectual method of helping my unfortunate friend Will, than by letting his beautiful sister plead his cause—that is, if the captain can be of use, but my heart sank within me, when I considered that her brother had broken through one of the most deadly edicts of our sanguinary code—its penalty was death, and that, seldom mitigated for

such an offence! The order for a court-martial would in all probability be issued, in the course of the afternoon, by the admiral, then lying in the Downs, while ten to one but his second in command the president would be, and his character, to say the least, was that of a rigid martinet.—To crown my forebodings—were we not in the middle of a most determined war, when examples of severity would be gladly, but most mistakingly seized on, to awe the disaffected?—and here occurred to my remembrance the recent mutinies, which had, as you know, broken out both at Corsica and Spithead.—Well, however, they shall see Carrington at all events—they can, I fear, do no more than interest him in the fate of our mutual friend, but even that will be something.

—Within twenty minutes I had placed them in a post chaise, and having fee'd the driver to gain his destination with all possible speed, I directed them to collect themselves; to tell their story clearly, and above all things not to speak both at once. I then followed, myself, on horseback, determining to give them the first audience, to the

end that their distress might produce the full effect—I doubt whether Carrington, by the by, would have thanked me for this, for when I at length entered the apartment containing my superior officer and his applicants, I found him—to his honour be it said—pacing the room in a state of agitation which denied utterance.—I have seldom seen a man more affected at "another's woe."

Will's mother and sister were seated on a sofa at the other end of the room, crying, as you may suppose, most bitterly.—When the captain saw me enter, he made an effort to come and speak to me, but in another moment resumed his hurried walk, as if afraid to trust his lips with speech, lest he should burst into tears himself. Seeing how matters stood, I withdrew into a window-recess, and waited in silence till the captain should address me.

In a few minutes he came up, and taking me by the arm, desired to hear my story—I gave it him exactly as I have related it to you.—"Poor woman! poor woman!" said he, "what can I do for her?—I can do absolutely nothing! This was

just her story word for word.—'This is misery and affliction itself,' Arran, as the Knight of the Mirror assures the immortal Quixote—and all occasioned by that puppy, that—By my honour! —if any harm come to this girl's brother, if I don't ruin him, never trust my word again!—I can do nothing—must report it to the admiral, and then comes a court martial.—Alas!—we shall have no heart like that of poor Sancho in the breast of our president—no notion of justice or equity there.—Martial law!—martial law!—say what I will—the yard-arm—" in a whisper—" must, I fear, be the result—or else going round the fleet—which may be worse.—Fool!—puppy!—and poltroon!—To think that this disgraceful scene should have occurred on board my ship!—Tell them—tell them,"—said he, hastening suddenly from the room, " that I go to the admiral to do all I can—put them into the post-chaise and come back to me for a note to take on board."

No sooner did the captain's petitioners see him about to depart, than they rose in hopes to reach

and detain him, but owing to the length of the apartment, he effected his escape. By this means a most unpleasant task devolved on me.—It would certainly have been much more consolatory to the sufferers, if Carrington had in person expressed to them his kind feelings in behalf of their relative, and his determination to aid him to the utmost.

But he acted from the best motives, for he felt, as he afterwards told me, that his own forebodings as to Will's fate were too great to be concealed. This arose from private convictions respecting the feelings entertained in certain high quarters, on the necessity of curbing the mutinous feelings afloat, by some severe examples.—Fearing, therefore, that his hopelessness of the case might appear in his manner, he considered, and perhaps justly, that he had taken the wisest and the kindest course.

As it was, however, I had no trivial task, to get Fanny and her mother back into the chaise, and it was only by the most solemn and reiterated promises of exerting every nerve in his favour, and being myself at all times accessible to them

in person, that I could manage it.—By my advice they took up their temporary abode at a tavern in Deal, where I promised to report hourly, if it should be necessary, how affairs went on.

Returning to the captain, I found him already mounted; he held a letter in his hand for the first lieutenant, which he ordered me to take forthwith on board, and having explained to me his reason for quitting the room without speaking to Will's mother, we set off at full speed for the boats. Captain Carrington having taken the gig in which I came, made at once for the admiral's ship, while I hired a waterman, and returned as quickly as possible to the Lavinia.

The row off to the frigate gave me ample time to reflect on this most unhappy business, and though it may seem much to say, I doubt if even the bosom of poor Will himself contained feelings more deeply sad than did my own. But three brief hours since, and we were both elate of heart, and happy in the prospect of honourable and amusing employment in our profession, looking forward to share, as we had done before,

similar dangers and mutual joys, and now without one atom of moral crime on his part—Heaven! if it did not madden me to think that for such a mean, dastardly wretch as Kerslake—Will Watch, the fine, generous Will Watch, was to die the death of a dog!—Going round the fleet!—Did they call that mercy?—His noble spirit would, I know, prefer death ten thousand times.—And could he not be saved?—Could nothing be done for him? Would no evidence avert the sentence? Might no intercession avail?—He must—he shall be saved!—if I peril all for it!—ay, as surely as I hope to be saved myself in a state to come! said I, as my foot once more touched the deck.

Reporting myself to the first lieutenant, I delivered to him the note from Captain Carrington, and resumed my watch—not indeed to attend to its duties, but to turn over every possible and impossible method of shielding Will from the bloody sword impending over him, by a tie to which that of a hair would have been security itself! After some minutes' consideration, however, I was ready to

give up the idea in despair, and taking my hat from my head to stamp on it in utter rage, that such a worthless thing should sacrifice a life so useful.

—As to any evidence I might give, a moment's thought convinced me, that this was a reed on which I dared not lean, even in idea, nor, after the hint thrown out by the captain, could I put any greater faith in intercession.—But escape! thought I.—*Escape*, as the idea flashed upon my mind—yes—he must—he shall escape!—and in the joy which painted him already safe, I felt as if I could be guilty of any extravagance.

—Well was it, that no one was at hand to witness my exstasies; as standing in the main-chains, I hugged myself in the hope that I had found a method of gnawing a hole in the net of the captive.

Still when I came to consider over each several method of absconding from on board a man of war, particularly when the party so to abscond, had his feet fast locked in iron manacles, my dejection almost equalled my previous elevation. Something, however, whispered—" courage and

perseverance!"—To the exercise of these virtues, I had ever been taught to look for the success of all my undertakings; however arduous, however discouraging they might be—I internally vowed not to forget such a lesson now. After half an hour's anxious pacing of the deck, only one plan however seemed to offer any feasible prospect of success, and that—!—My heart grew sick even to think of it—hemmed in with terrible dangers as it was, both to him and me!—If either of us failed in the attempt, Will's death was inevitable, mine was not improbable, while the loss of my commission and total ruin in the service were insured.

As for the latter, said I, perish such thoughts for ever!—It was not with such misgivings that Will Watch was haunted, when he stood centinel over my breathless body, deterring that inhuman fiend Mackay from flinging me overboard while yet warm, and then preserving my life at the risk of his own!—It was not thus he faltered, when getting overboard the leads that were to arrest the flight of the slaver!—and shall I be outdone in noble daring by an untutored lad?—possessed of

no guide to such acts of devotion, but his own wild generous bosom—I, whose earliest lessons from my cradle were to preserve inviolate the finest principles of gratitude and honour, from one too, whose life was an encomium on his creed. — Never! let them hack me in pieces and gibbet the remains—let the scoff and the sneer—the calumny and the lie—be loudest when they will—Humanity has a claim before the service, and though I became an officer before I was a man, there is a duty I owe to my own heart, which has a claim on me even before my king.—There is something which tells me that my soul dictates this feeling, I may be doomed to be unfortunate, but, God bear me witness, I have not knowingly done wrong!

—Without giving myself a moment's time to waver, though I do not now think there was much danger of that, I endeavoured to appear as cool and unperturbed as possible, and walking up to one of the lieutenants—Richardson—I requested that he would just take charge of the deck, while I retired below for a few minutes.

Having succeeded in this, I immediately shut myself in my cabin, and praying that I might succeed in the attempt I was about to make, I lighted a candle by means of a match and my cigar flint, and then getting a piece of sealing-wax, and a large card, proceeded to my undertaking; though, at the same time, my hand trembled to that degree, that it almost foiled my purpose.

As officer of the watch, I had, of course, been entrusted with the key of Will's irons; for the manacles on board a ship consist, as you may know, of a series of horse-shoe shaped anclets, traversing a long iron bar, one end of which contains an eye, where the insertion of a padlock effectually secures the offender's feet; the last having previously been encircled by the iron anclets, or rings. —The key of this padlock, then, it was, which I now took from my pocket, and modelled, or I should rather say, moulded, as quickly as I could, in sealing wax. For fear of any accident happening to a single impression, I took two separate ones, of each side of the key,—carefully removed the

slightest particle of wax from the iron, blew out the taper, locked up the impressions in my desk, and returned on deck, just as the ship's bell was striking twelve o'clock.

The boatswain's pipe—which sent the people below to their dinner—had scarcely sounded, and the various messes were still getting their rations from the cooks, when the captain's galley was seen to shove off from the admiral's ship, and in a few minutes, Carrington was alongside.

The first glance at his countenance told me how gloomy was the result of his report to the admiral—It was soon known—A court-martial was ordered for the next morning, in which he was to figure as prosecutor.—As for any hopes of the result proving in Will's favour—there was, indeed, less chance of that than ever.

I must, indeed, be decisive in my movements, thought I, and God send that they may succeed. —It is a hard combat between the duty I owe the service, and the duty I owe to Will; but the former is attended with every safety to myself—and the latter, with the utmost peril.—I have

already decided on my part, and I will not again torment myself with an idle inquiry.

Captain Carrington having in person interrogated first Watch, and then Kerslake, gave to the latter such a reprimand as a whole life could never suffice to efface. Much to my astonishment, Kerslake had the audacity to declare, that he confined what he termed his "gallantries" to words, and that Fanny's mother had intentionally struck at him.—Here I interrupted him, and convinced the captain both by the sentry's evidence and my own, that nothing could be more untrue, and that in short, the affair had occurred exactly as I had already represented it to him.—I saw from Kerslake's eye, that I was never to be forgiven—but who would ask the forgiveness of such a villain?—I cannot call him by a milder name.

As nothing could, of course, transpire from these inquiries, that at all altered the aspect of the case, the captain considered it useless to remain on board, and therefore ordered his boat to be called away, as soon as the hands should

be turned up from dinner. Having been duly relieved from my watch, I now asked leave to go on shore, in order that I might ride across the country to Sir E—— D——'s, at * *; this gentleman being an intimate friend of Admiral Fluke, and so connected with an influential member of the cabinet, as to ensure a favourable hearing in a case like the present.

The captain granted me the leave I asked, thanked me for exerting myself, and offered me a passage in his galley: the last of which I thankfully accepted — nor did I disclaim his thanks, for I felt how necessary it was, to hide the obligations under which I stood to Will, and the interest which I consequently had in his fate. For this purpose, I even refrained from once going near the prisoner by myself, after having communicated the necessity which compelled the first lieutenant to place him in irons.

I doubt not, poor fellow! he felt this, and might even, in his own mind, have accused me of being no better than friends in general, on

whom, so Tasso tells us, we must least expect to lean, when we can least dispense with their support.

I was content, however, that Will should wrong my friendship by his suspicions, rather than I should wrong his cause by any indiscreet display of interest. Having taken care to replenish my purse with that talismanic metal, which smooths the difficulties of every path, I secured in the innermost recesses of my dress, the pocket-book containing the impressions of the key, which last had now, as a matter of course, passed into the hands of the officer who relieved me.

As soon as the captain's galley was called away, I descended trembling into the stern-sheets, and sat myself down, where, being soon joined by Don Quixote himself—as we called him—we shoved off. At the landing place, we parted—Captain Carrington setting off for the colonel's, I, to make preparations for my scheme.

The first thing I did, was to make as favour-

able a report as possible, to Fanny and her mother, who continued, as you must imagine, in the deepest distress. I then went and hired a good strong horse, whose shoes were none of the newest, and afterwards bought a plain rustic sort of a coat, hat, and trowsers, at a little tailor's shop, making him fold them up in a sealed paper parcel.—Putting this under my cloak, I marched away to the first tavern, which I found to be chiefly frequented by farmers, and having asked for a bedroom, and thrown my bundle down in a corner, as if of no consequence, locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and ordered a coarse dinner to be got ready on the instant.—As soon as my hasty meal was swallowed, I slung my bundle under my cloak, mounted my cob, and at a hard trot, made off in the direction of Sir E—— D——'s, which, as you may know, is at the distance of some fifteen miles from Deal.

Instead, however, of selecting the nearest road, I preferred one, which, by taking a wider sweep towards Canterbury, added at least an

additional three miles. As soon as I got a sufficient distance from the little town I had just left, I stopped at an inn on the road side, and managed to learn that my present route would lead through the little village of * *, after another hour's riding. Keeping, therefore, a look out for this hamlet, I no sooner observed it from a neighbouring hill, than I turned aside to the first haystack, slipped off my uniform, and donning my more countryfied garb, buried the former under some loose hay. Remounting my horse, I then made a detour to the right, and entered the village from the north east, or Canterbury road, thus making it appear that I had come from towards that city.

My first inquiry was for a blacksmith, to whom having been speedily directed, I now told a long and lamentable story of loose shoes—and bad shoes—and rascally shoes.—Horse stumbling at every step—neck much endangered—a wife and three very, very small children, and the mother of them so "ordinary," that I feared if she were to

become a widow to-morrow, she'd never have a chance of being espoused again.

This, as I expected, produced a somewhat chaste and elegant repartee from the modest Vulcan, who bashfully assured me, that if it was horse-shoeing which I wanted, I might esteem myself particularly fortunate. Chance, he assured me, had arrested my progress, in a village which, though he said it, possessed the handiest blacksmith in all Kent—and that was "a bold word, seeing there was ne'er another of the same trade as his in the place."

The blacksmith's spouse, who stood close behind her lord, and was employed like Queen Dido, in "darning a hole in her stocking O;"—she, too, corroborated this assertion, and I, to prove how completely I believed their united testimony, besought him to employ himself at once, and in the mean time send out for two pints of rum.—The smith's eyes glistened, and the rum soon appeared.—A moiety I thought it but prudent to bestow upon the regal partner of his

state, to regale some of her friends whom I heard talking within his little parlour. The rest remained to stimulate the sooty god to his labours.—These, however, were only half finished, and the generosity of his heart well opened, when, with all the art I could compass, I brought in the main cause of my journey, the making the keys, which—the Pope forgive me for telling such a story—I pretended I had forgotten to get manufactured at Canterbury, thereby allowing him to believe that it was from this city I had come.

The arguments I might have used I know not —I fear it was but a lame showing altogether, for I felt so confused, and unequal to the task I had undertaken, that but little penetration would have sufficed to detect me. The general outline of my design was however good.—Few men I knew, could be very acute after swallowing the best part of a pint of rum; to this I trusted, and by this, managed to succeed.—What with a few doubts, skilfully thrown out, as to his capacity to achieve the task in hand, and the temptation

of a price somewhat over his right hire, I contrived to get the posse comitatus of the forge set to work, and with such good-will and effect, that in less than an hour, I had obtained my keys, paid my money, and set off as if towards Deal, but again making a circuit, regained my road to Sir E—— D——'s, and changing my clothes once more, stuffed my late garb into a rabbit's hole. Happen what will, said I, 'twill at least puzzle them to trace the making of these keys, and now for the seat of my friend in my proper uniform!—

Dinner was just on the point of being served, when I gained my destination, and though no longer hungry, I thought I might as well sit down, and take that opportunity of urging my request, as well as any other. This I accordingly did, and received an assurance that a very strong letter, on Will's behalf, should be dispatched by Sir E——, that night, to his friend in town; so that should the sentence be unfavourable, every intercession might be made in the only quarter where it could avail him. At

the same time, very slight hopes indeed were held out to me, of the success of such an application.—This only the more confirmed my determination to risk all on my former plan, and remounting my horse, I once more rode for life and death.

Fagged and tired, indeed, was I, when I got on board, which I did just before eight o'clock. Here I found there was some debate as to the keeping of the night watches. For Kerslake, being incapable of performing any duties, from his arrest, had thus disarranged those of his brother officers.—As such a plan would be far from interfering with my views, I offered to keep the first watch myself, being relieved by Richardson for the middle watch, while the first lieutenant being called at five o'clock, would be all that was necessary for the morning.

This arrangement then was made, and never—never shall I forget the deep—the intense anxiety with which I paced the deck till twelve! O! those four hours!—They were most horrible!—First, the dread of discovery tormented me, then came

the careful revision of all the steps I had taken to conceal the slightest clue. The disguise — the going and returning by different roads—still ever and anon would arise the calumnies of those who, unfettered by the regard which bound me to Will, and insensible to the warm pleadings of humanity, would only behold in the transaction of the officer towards his government, a breach of trust—perhaps even of ——, and I shuddered as I thought of it,—of—honour.

Then too I felt myself bowed to the very earth by that agonizing torture, which every truly honourable mind must feel, when in the least suspicious of having laid itself open to misconstruction. Ruin and devastation, if it came straight on, I felt I could meet with the stern and resolved bearing, of one overwhelmed by misfortune, though not deserving of it. But in the present case—I was at once impatient and ashamed of the concealment to which I was compelled. Accused by feelings I had so long and so dearly cherished in my bosom—domestic treachery arose to add its pang to every other. While reason taxed itself

in vain, to prompt a better part, something with the malice of a demon seemed to whisper, that even to succeed would be painful—and to fall with dignity, impossible!

To meet the shock—the tempest of affliction—Youth may be equal; it can at least perish in the conflict—but to struggle amid the roaring vortex of contending difficulties—each overwhelming in itself—requires indeed all the experience—the strength—the confidence of manhood! Prepared for sinking when danger is least apparent, nor despairing of a final rise, even when most overwhelmed.—No—I will not shrink, however humiliating my dangers may appear. Let them think as they please—let them assert what they will—the harshest—the basest of them dare not assert that there was anything selfish in my motives, or that I was to be the gainer of aught but peril; and this feeling, if I am doomed to be unsuccessful, must support me in my failure—but—Will—I could not think of it.

—As the eventful hour approached, I grew nervous and irritable to a degree; I fancied I saw

people hovering about me in every corner of the deck, wherever there was the least shadow, and where I was very well assured that no one could be. The youngsters of my watch were all sleeping on their posts most dutifully, some in one direction, some in another. Being a cold clear frosty night, the stars were shining brilliantly overhead; while a cutting northwest wind, sung loudly through the rigging.

I leaned on the gangway, looking towards the dear white cliffs of our island-home, for the safety and defence of which, myself and brother sailors were in arms. My heart seemed to dissolve within me, when I thought of the many who had gazed on those beloved landmarks, with breasts as warm as mine. Now far distant from their native land, they were coldly sleeping in the deep.—What fatal and delusive light had lured them on? Was it not that glory for which I felt so strong a yearning—so unaccountable a feeling—that unsubstantial nothing which was at best an idle phantasy? No—whispered my better spirit—call it rather a heavenly spring and source

of emulation, sustaining man for all that's noble—all that's great! And could it be possible that the result of a few brief hours, might for ever debar me from participating in the glorious struggle, in which I so eagerly longed to distinguish myself? —And then—ay, then!—For me there might be other lands—other fields—other spheres for distinction—but for Will!——a halter and an ignominious grave! For him—for him it was—I was about to venture that, which I once thought no earthly prize should have tempted me to stake—I risked the name that had been handed down to me; and the gage which I had received so untainted from others, might now be——.

CHAPTER X.

The bell of the flagship striking eight, fell heavily upon my ear, announcing the arrival of midnight, and the expiration of my watch. Rousing up my midshipmen, I sent them down to call their various reliefs, and walked below in person, to know why the sentry's hour-glass was behind those of the squadron.

"'Tis but a few minutes, Sir," said the marine, turning his sand, and going forward to sound the hour on the bell, hanging in the galley.

—The decisive moment had arrived—no one was at hand—the midshipmen and quarter-master busied on the deck below—the centinel screened from observation of his post, by the length of the main-deck and the dull glimmering light of the cabin-door lamp—everything was still!—saving

the slow breathing of Will Watch, who slept on the hard planks between two of the guns—a shot case for his pillow, and a few coats thrown over his body.

—Opening the leaves of the log-board which stood by him, and taking the chalk in my hand, as if going to mark down the direction of the wind, I stooped close to Will's ear, and quickly and effectually awakening him, said—

"—Watch—if you are found here to-morrow morning, you are a dead man!—Nothing but instant escape can save your life. Pretend to sleep on, till the sentry is relieved; choose your moment—slip overboard and swim for the shore.—Here are means for your wants and keys for your padlock—if you compromise me, we are both lost!"

With these words, I slipped a purse of fifty guineas into his bosom, and the keys into his hand, together with a small flask of excellent brandy. The last bell sounded—snatching up the log-board, I began writing down the wind—asked some unimportant questions of the sentry,

with as firm a voice as I could command, and then, shutting the board before the man's face, returned on deck.

I now, through the quarter deck skylight, heard the corporal go aft to the cabin-door with the relief-guard. There, among other instructions given, I distinguished the order to keep a strict ward over the person of Will Watch. Fancy my dreadful agitation during that pause!—It passed.—The corporal and the marine relieved, returned below, and Richardson made his appearance to take the deck.

Thinking that extreme sleepiness would best conceal my excited state, I pretended to be fagged to death with my ride, and mumbling out the various orders, as if as sleepy as the man I addressed, I slipped below; pausing by the way on the quarter-deck-ladder, and saying, "Oh, by the by!—the prisoner on the main-deck, Richardson, is under your charge—Sentry—Is your prisoner all safe?"

"All safe, Sir."

"All right, Richardson,—good night!"

"Good night, Bo'!" returned my brother officer, and in a few minutes I was lying down in my cabin—but not to sleep—No! Faint and ill and weary—and racked with a thousand agonies, death seemed far nearer to me than her calm and welcome sister!

One bell struck—two bells struck, and there I remained, turning from side to side, one moment in a state of burning fever, and in the next bedewed with a cold and fearful moisture; praying and hoping that the escape might be effected, and sometimes wondering whether it had not already been put into execution.

—Suddenly the captain's bell rang—the sentry entered the cabin,—"Who is that on guard now?" I heard Carrington demand.

"Solebay, Sir," replied the marine, giving his name.

"Oh! Solebay!—Then go below, Solebay, wake up my steward, and ask him for the keys of the beaufet. I want some brandy—and ask him also where he keeps those drops which I take for the headache."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" replied Solebay, shutting the door, and coming slowly down on the lower deck.

—Now, Will—now—now is the time—now or never! thought I, starting to my feet, and straining every faculty to catch the slightest sound, until I thought I should have dropped upon the deck.

—Was it?—could it be possible?—did I hear a slight grating noise? Surely it must be so.—A tinkle!—A rustling.—A slight pause and then.—Was it a plunge?—or but the very faintest sound which my fancy coined into one?——

—One minute—two—three—four—five—six—eight—ten—the sentry had not returned! Again the cabin bell rang.—He hurried up, bumping under the pendant hammock of some poor tired sleeper, and without noticing the anathema, hurried up the ladder, into the presence of his superior—no discovery!

Had it been Will, or had my fancy cheated me? The cabin door closed.—Now, now.——If he has fled, all will be discovered! The run-

ning feet of the soldier again descended to the steward's berth, and then after a shorter pause returned to his superior.

The wants of the captain were not yet supplied. Another quarter of an hour elapsed. "Let me be called at seven," said Carrington—the door finally closed, and the centinel resumed his sullen walk. Then he has not escaped, and the fairest opportunity is lost to Will for ever!

Objects seemed to fade and whirl around me—a sickly thirst oppressed me, I felt myself gradually falling, uncovered as I was, along the deck.—By a sudden transition, I stood in the midst of the court martial, while the president after reading the order for the trial, summoned the provost marshal in a loud tone to produce "Will Watch—Will Watch!—Will Watch!"

—Did I hear aright? was I asleep and dreaming? or awake and lying on the cold deck of my berth, while the sentry at the cabin door was shouting the name of his prisoner? Surely I could not be wrong! No answer was returned. The thunder-stricken soldier rushed upon deck to Richardson—

"Will Watch, Sir, has escaped!" I heard him say in accents of the greatest alarm.

—Ten thousand joys! and ten thousand thanks! was it indeed true? It was indeed! There was a shouting of voices, and hurrying of feet—the captain's door was unceremoniously thrust open and his slumbers quickly disturbed, but I could distinguish no words but these, "Will Watch has escaped!"

Thousands could not have afforded me one half the joy those words conveyed! Flinging myself on my bed in an extasy of gratitude and happiness, I gave way to an exultation as complete, as my distress had but a few moments since been extreme—Will was again safe and free!

He had risked his life to save mine, and I had at length the inestimable satisfaction of repaying the debt at equal peril, by preserving his!—But where should I meet him again?—The grateful grasp of his hand, which mutely thanked me for my efforts, was still warm on mine; but whither would his course now be directed? A mind like his would be sure for evil or for good to shine

conspicuously.—Had I then saved him from the present gulph to see him fall into some more frightful abyss?—Alas! I had parted—perhaps for ever!—from one whom I had loved even as a brother, and I was once more—alone—alone!

I was still, in years at least, a boy; and though like Jacob, I dared not have "lifted up my voice," yet I laid my head upon a pillow, and like a still deeper mourner, "wept bitterly"!—

Nearly a quarter of an hour had now elapsed since the alarm had first been given, and the tumult which it had then excited, was now, if possible, redoubled. The first lieutenant had been called, and having hastily dressed himself, hurried upon deck. — Muskets were fired — blue-lights were burnt, and boats called away.

At one time I debated with myself, whether it would not be most prudent for me to make my appearance on deck also. On reconsidering the matter, however, I thought it would not; and that my presence would look marked, as none of the other gun-room officers—the first lieutenant excepted—had thought fit to bestir themselves.—

Besides, after all my fagging, when it was known that I had ridden at least forty miles, and then kept the first watch, it would not appear very much out of the way, that I should sleep too soundly, to hear even the uproar of the prisoner's escape.

I remained, then, perfectly quiet, till everything had subsided but the shouting of the first lieutenant from the deck to the boats, pointing out in what directions they were to pull in search of the flown captive: even this, however, soon began to lessen, though it still left me anxious beyond measure, as you may imagine, to learn whether Will had so managed, as to leave behind no trace of the hand that set him free.—The bare thought of this did indeed make me shudder—but the weariness resulting from my toils, and joy at the success of my scheme, as far as it had gone, soon proved too powerful for even this source of apprehension; and before long I was sleeping soundly.

Awaking with a start when my servant came to call me as usual, at seven on the ensuing morning, —the remembrance of the preceding night flashed

back upon my mind—bringing with it a dreadful sense of weight and apprehension. My first question was, as to the cause of disturbance in the middle watch, and this I followed up, with all the affectation of surprise which I could assume. I soon learnt that little was ascertained which related to the mode of his escape, and that there was no danger in my presenting myself on deck, and renewing my inquiries through more authentic channels. This then I speedily did, and was rejoiced to find, that as little was known on the subject as I could possibly desire.

Will's jacket, hat, and shoes, were left on the gun, beside which his irons were still lying. The padlock on the bar was found—much to every one's surprise—locked and entire, but the anclets which had held the prisoner's feet, were gone. From this it was conjectured that he had obtained a file, and managed to cut them away. The sentry had not, it would seem, missed the fugitive, until four bells, and as no doubt was entertained that he had slipped overboard, while the marine

was employed by the captain, he had thus had nearly an hour's start of his pursuers.

The latter, it is true, were none of them very anxious for success in their search, for the strongest feeling had very naturally gone abroad in his favour, throughout the ship.

At first Captain Carrington appeared much annoyed, but I believe it was more because his name was mixed up in the matter, than for any other reason — since he afterwards expressed his satisfaction, not only that circumstances should have favoured an innocent and injured man in his escape from a disgusting death, but that it should have so fallen out, as to exempt any one from blame.—Still, however, both the sentry and myself were held in no slight uneasiness for some hours, by the poor fellow being ordered into the report for a flogging.

On hearing this, I took the earliest opportunity of speaking to the first lieutenant, who said he concurred in my opinion, and that "as soon as the skipper cooled down a little," he would intercede.

Still better, though, it fell out, that there was no need of this. At eight o'clock, Captain Carrington repaired on board the flag-ship, to report the mishap of the preceding night, and to ask what course had better be pursued towards Kerslake. He had no sooner done this, than the admiral, who was a humane and sensible officer, rose up, and taking Carrington's hand, said, "So the prisoner has escaped, has he?—Can't be helped, then; and between ourselves, I do not regret it, Captain Carrington.—Your ship must have lost an able hand, one way or another, and I had rather it should be by his running, than his hanging. I will rescind the order for court martial at once, and by all accounts, we have had an escape as well as him." Was there not in this answer something noble?—It made no boast of feeling, but it bespoke so much.—On my honour I loved the character of the old officer from that day forward.

"As for this fellow—Kerslake—we must despatch him adrift at once. The service, though, may as well be spared the disgrace of doing it by

court martial. Such a proceeding would excite discussion among us, and the speediest method of settling the matter, will be for you, Captain Carrington, to tell him from me, that he must either write me a letter, demanding his discharge within half an hour, or stand the result of a court martial. If he takes my advice, he will adopt any course but the latter.—So now that we have got rid of this matter—for I cannot suppose him such a fool as to neglect the hint—you may prepare for the squadron's sailing to-morrow,—It was only this disagreeable business which detained us, now that the wind's fair."

You may readily suppose that Captain Carrington was not sorry to find the matter taken so easily, in a quarter where he had looked for a reprimand, and returning on board, in full possession of his good humour, first cautioned the sentry to use greater vigilance in future, over such prisoners as might come under his charge, and then, of his own accord, ordered that his name might be withdrawn from the report.

His next step was to summon the gun-room

officers, before whom he repeated to Kerslake, the jobation he had before given this offender; repeating to him in conclusion the message with which he had been charged by the admiral. The appearance of Kerslake on hearing this, was at once pitiable and revolting. I have before said that he was handsome, and so he was; but his was a cast of beauty I can characterize in no better way, than by saying that it was the beauty of the snake.—In his countenance, you sought in vain for that fine fearless look of life, which is the greatest charm of manly features.

He scarcely answered Captain Carrington a word, but with deadly paleness demanded a few minutes' consideration: then turning to me, requested that I would accompany him below to his cabin. Not a little surprised at this proceeding, I bowed an assent, and desired him to lead the way.—Captain Carrington desired the gun-room officers to be seated, and telling Kerslake he should await his answer, we left the cabin.

No sooner were Kerslake and myself alone, than he demanded of me, whether in the case of a court

martial, I still intended to adhere to the evidence which I had already given to the captain.

"Kerslake," said I, "this is futile.—You must know, too well, that I shall deliver the exact truth, and that by this you will infallibly fall.—Were it not so—the sentry's evidence would alone condemn you.—What, then, do you expect from me, that you demand this extraordinary interview?"

"Nothing!"—dashing his hand down on the table before him, while the word seemed forced from him, with a low hissing sound—"Nothing! —but the hearing of my unalienable and unfailing purposes of hatred and revenge.—You have wounded me in the tenderest points of person—happiness, and reputation—and I will never cease from my efforts, until I have wreaked a tenfold vengeance on you and your minion,—though every hour I have to live, should be devoted to gaining the opportunity!"

For a moment I meditated a reply: but I felt this to be the language of a worthless and a fallen man.—With a smile of scorn, I turned my

back upon the culprit, and walked away to the main-deck.—I had scarcely taken a dozen steps —when I heard him quickly following me, and we entered the presence of the assembled officers almost at the same time.—

"Your resolution, Sir?" demanded Captain Carrington.

Kerslake muttered some indistinct sentence, and bowed his head.

"Scotsworth," resumed the captain, turning to his clerk—"Is that letter ready?"

"Here it is, Sir."

"Hand it to Mr. Kerslake.—If that, Sir, suits your views, you have only to sign it, and this affair is settled.—You can then remove your furniture and wardrobe to the shore—I will at once forward this to the admiral, and you shall receive your discharge, in due form, within an hour."

Kerslake took the pen from the clerk in silence —affixed his name—retired from the cabin—and placing his hat on his head, walked on deck. He then jumped into a shore-boat without the

utterance of a word, and had himself rowed rapidly away from the scene of his disgrace.

The captain was as good as his word, and before the evening fell, the vacancy was supplied by the joining of a Charles John Curtis, from the admiral, on promotion.

For a few hours, it is true, we thought of him who had thus suddenly left us: but it was the reflection bestowed on one unworthy to occupy a longer remembrance.

"Thank Heaven," said I, as I turned in, "the dreadful scene of last night is not to come over again!—And yet, was not all my pain—my anxiety—almost repaid by the overflowing gratitude of Will's mother, and his own dear Fanny?—when I went to see them to-day, with the joyful news that our friend was no longer bound in misery and iron?"—

As I had supposed, he had already taken care to apprise them of the fact, and say that he was in safe hiding, after his perilous swim, and rejoiced I was to hear it, as well as he must have known I should be.—Were they aware, I wonder,

of the participation I had in the escape?—I should hope, and indeed I think, not.—And yet could any thing be more rapturous?—surely nothing more bewitching, than the artless way in which Fanny wept and thanked me!—Truly, she is—take her for all in all—the most beautiful and the most exquisitely formed girl, in face and figure, that I ever beheld!—What, if I had seen her before Cornelia's higher charms had won upon me?—much, much I fear, I might have played the fool!—But at any rate, *she* should not have been the sufferer!—But let me thank Heaven it is otherwise—and she neither is—nor ever can be—more to me, than Will's "Little Fan" as beautiful in form as bounteous Heaven could make her, nor do I think, less pure in mind.

By noon next day, we were speeding down the channel with a beautiful breeze from the north east, with scarcely a saddened heart on board—save one!

As the Land's End gradually faded in the blue waste behind us, the mind reluctantly resigned the pensive thoughts of Home, and seemed to

turn itself, with the eye, to the new path of anxiety and adventure that opened out before us.

Often, during the first night-watches which I kept at sea, when the whole responsibility of my charge occurred to me, would I wrap myself in my shaggy coat, and say, " Charles Arran, you are at length a lieutenant.—The path lies fairly at your feet.—The epoch on which you used to expatiate so frequently—so eagerly—with Miles—has arrived."—" True, true," a solemn spirit whispered from within—" alas, too true—but where now is my friend?"

—Too quickly the illusion was dispelled.—I ceased to gaze on the bright vault above me—on the moon-beams, silvering the rude waves of the Biscayan waters beneath me, and resuming my walk, put some unimportant question to the helmsman, and acknowledged that happiness was as far before me as ever.—Strange that men should never tire in the pursuit of an unattainable object!

—Friend!—did I say friend? Woe is me!—The age for friendship has now passed!—Severe as the affliction may be, it still remains fortunate for

the character of mankind, that our beloved associates all perish in their youth.—Did they grow up to manhood, we should long since have banished such a word as "friend," from the vocabulary of nations.

—From the sordid crew that surround us, wealth may purchase parasites, and ability may command partizans—but no more!—None but unsullied hearts—fresh in child-like confidence, and unpolluted by a knowledge of the world, can weave that chain of unsuspicious love, ever too fair and fragile to endure!—And yet—can I say this, and think of Fluke?—Alas! even at the best, the general rule is only proved by the exceptions —few—but ah, how dear!—

—The gilding of my solitary epaulette, had not begun to dim, before my thoughts, forsaking their former channel, only looked forward to the attainment of its fellow. Even so pleasant a contemplation as this, however, soon grew wearisome, and in order to divert my mind, I had recourse to my journal. Though I had ceased to keep this up, during my stay on shore, and indeed since the

morning of my quitting the Rutland, I had, nevertheless, jotted down in my own peculiar hieroglyphics, every occurrence worthy of notice afloat; together with the right dates, and these I now sat down to arrange; since I knew not at what moment I might want to recur to them:—Sure, at least, that my dear old friend, the admiral, would not fail to be pleased with this deference to his opinion, that "no young officer should pass over the events of the war in a heedless or unreflective manner."

"Reduced, then, to the sad alternative of possessing no one for confidant or confining myself to my journal alone?—Is it so?—Well, at least I may be so far happy in the knowledge, that in this case at least, I am safe from a betrayal.—Since last we parted, my gloomy forebodings have not been realized—my fears, then, of ending life in shattered health, are not about—thank Heaven—at present, to prove true!

"How goes the war?—On returning to the "Folly", learnt that my good Lord Bridport had not been the most liberal in his despatches, though the

sensible people of England were pleased to take his word for having done a very gallant thing—thanks of parliament, and so forth; and even these invidiously confined to only a portion of the flag officers present. Certainly it was strange in that affair, to see an admiral of such undisputed gallantry and courage, let slip so glorious an opportunity from mere want of youthful energy.

"Scarcely had we got home, and that humblest of individuals, Charles Arran, brought-to snugly at the "Folly", when there came on, in the beginning of November, one of the most dreadful tempests I ever witnessed.—That may not be much, you will say—right—but even the good old admiral, seasoned as he has been, in West Indian tornadoes, even he entertains his doubts as to which might be the worst.—Natural consequences, of course, ensued: wrecks, and loss of life, to a frightful extent, in all directions.

How happy, Sir, we sailors be,
That live at sea—et cætera.

"Admiral Christian had sailed with troops and transports for Barbadoes, but a few days before

—Squadron driven back with great loss and damage, and as for the convoy!—where were they?—When the sea gives up its dead we shall know, but not, alas, till then.—Tempestuous weather continued for the next two months, when the gods of the winds, from the soreness of their cheeks, found it necessary to conclude a peace.—Not so the Directory.—Success after success, seems to attend all they take in hand, much to the delight of several and sundry seditious mobs and meetings, clubs and companies, and the sore distress of William Pitt.

The result of this has been the rise of republican principles in Holland, the Stadtholder having been obliged to fly to England for safety, leaving his dominions to the tender mercy of the French; with whom they now figure in close alliance as the Batavian Republic. Thus, then, we have been compelled to declare hostilities with Holland, five of whose men-of-war, together with some seventy sail of convoy, we found it necessary to seize and hold *in commendam*, as it were.

This was done at Plymouth, in January of this

year, while, as another topic of consolation, our beloved and subsidized ally, Prussia, left us in the lurch in April last, and joined the enemy—actually as if with the intention of confirming the views of Charley Fox, as put forth in his most splendid speech, delivered about a week before.—But Fox must have had intelligence of what was going on, before he brought forward his motion for inquiry.

" —Not very liberal to the navy, Master Charley, but what matters that to me?—We know you lawyers can," and so on,—the same with statesmen.—He did not mean to be illiberal, though Pitt artfully put this construction on his words.—Well, well, this certainly has not been a bright year with the blue warriors of the sea—if we except the masterly retreat of Cornwallis, which I have before mentioned, as having heard, off Isle Groix.—Afterwards proved those accounts to be quite correct. Even in the Mediterranean, that splendid field for glory—little or nothing has been done—it would not have been so if my old commander, Lord Hood, had remained there.—After

the taking of Corsica, however, as mentioned in the letter of my poor friend, Miles, his lordship came home to represent the destitute state of the fleet he had left in those seas, and urge, by every argument in his power, that government should at once send out those necessary succours, for which he had written so often and in vain.—This I had from the admiral, whose sources of information are generally very correct.—Such treatment is too bad—we are monarchs at sea, but mice on shore.—Find out their mistake some day. —*France*, may bear to have her navies injured and her fleets annihilated.—Were they but invincible, she would be overwhelming.—Even without them, she is gigantic,—but with *England*, the case is different.—The force that is almost superfluous with the former, is to the latter indispensable.—She has so seldom met with a defeat on her own element, that its possibility is never contemplated. —Fancy, then, in this day of contemptuous neglect, that our channel fleet should—by any chance—receive but one such blow as we gave to the French on the 1st of June—where then

would be our sovereignty of the sea?—France felt it but slightly, for we have not the means of following it up by invasion.—In all *her* sea engagements, she risks only her fleet, but England, with an able foe, would risk her empire in almost every battle.—The French, it is true, have not daring enough to act on this principle; but they should, and the day may come when they will—and then —then, our hour of peril will have arrived.

Well, well, to return—the departure of Lord Hood from the Mediterranean, left Vice Admiral Hotham, commander-in-chief, and he, after losing a line-of-battle ship—the Berwick, through the carelessness of her officers,—became engaged with the French off Genoa, on two successive days and succeeded in capturing two of the enemy's line—the *Ça-Ira* and *Censeur*—a result not disrespectable by an inferior force, but totally unworthy of an English fleet.—Miles' "Captain-Brigadier" Nelson, said to have been very anxious that his commander-in-chief should follow up the affair well—but Hotham, it is said, belongs to the slow-coach family—*festina lente.* As a set off to

this, the Illustrious, one of Hotham's line, was lost near Leghorn, and the crew, with difficulty, saved; owing to the gale which came on after the action, and the damaged state of the ship.

Soon after this, the French seamen at Toulon, by way of a change, tried their hands at a little mutiny.—Pleasant occasionally—though not safe—and the Frenchmen vowing to expiate their past crimes, by their future valour, ventured out to sea, very nearly caught a Tartar in the person of little Nelson, off San Fiorenzo, and finally, in another partial engagement off the islands of the Hieres, lost one of their line, the Alcide.

This vessel, however, blew up, before we could take possession of her—owing to combustibles of an unusual nature being used on board.—It won't do, Johnny Crapeau!—it won't do!—nothing like fair fighting, take my word for it—and if you want to win the day, you must get more bottom—more "pluck"—that's John Bull's forte.—You've spirit enough for anything, but endurance is the thing—and so we found, when, shortly after this last brush, we had to endure the recapture of the

have, nevertheless, had some very good frigate actions this year.—Sir Richard Strachan's squadron in particular, has done well, nor has Sir Borlase Warren's played it's part very badly—all excepting the unhappy Quiberon affair.—But above all, the splendid action of the Blanche and Pique, and the gallant name of Faulknor, who commanded the former frigate, must prevent the year 1795 from ever being forgotten by an Englishman.

—Poor Faulknor!—though he did not live to see the Pique's colours hauled down, his was a most gallant death—and for so young a man!—This action was received and rewarded by his king and country as they should have been.—But, perhaps, amid all the actions of the war, we shall not find one more gallant than that of the Rose cutter, of eight guns, and thirteen men, commanded by a man I once knew—a lieutenant—William Walker. He had the hardihood to attack, near Leghorn, three privateers—each one more than a match for himself.—One he sunk—one he captured—the third escaped.—Their united crews made a hun-

dred and fifty men: even the one he took was manned with upwards of thirty.—Walker, on the other hand, was encumbered by female passengers, and the responsibility of a large sum in specie, and yet Walker was never promoted, nor even his gallantry mentioned in Hotham's public letters—too bad!—Well, well, Hotham's made a peer, so we may fairly presume *he's* not satisfied—for, too frequently, the less a man merits, the more he wants.—And yet Hotham's character, in private, was very good and amiable, I believe.—I know many smart officers who present the reverse.—In the West Indies, little, I believe, has been going on, for the French have found it difficult to reinforce their amiable officer, Victor Hugues. His ravages have, therefore, had a less extensive range than his philanthropic breast could desire: being chiefly confined to spreading insurrection and revolt, and their accompaniments, murder and devastation, among the islands. The action of the Blanche, it is true, occurred off Guadaloupe.

As a result, and no bad one, of the establishment of a republic in Holland, the Cape of Good Hope

Censeur, together with some thirty sail of the Levantine convoy, by M. Richery, from Toulon, from which port, also, Ganteaume managed to make his escape, with a small squadron; aye, and bring it back in safety, it is said, but a short time since; after doing much damage to our trade in the Archipelago, and this, despite of the squadrons of Admiral Mann, and Captain Trowbridge.

In November, it seems, Hotham resigned his command to Sir Hyde Parker, but the latter had scarcely enjoyed it three weeks, when all his new-born greatness, was quenched by the arrival of a new commander-in-chief from England, in the person of Sir John Jervis—said to be a rigid, but energetic officer; and energy in a commander, is what Demosthenes affirms action to be in an orator.—Sir John it was who distinguished himself in the West Indies, last year, at the capture of Martinique and St. Lucie.—One sad trick, it seems, he possesses—the use of exceedingly bad language occasionally—but if junior officers put up with this, they are fools for their pains.—Sir John, by the bye, lost his flag ship, the Boyne, at

Spithead, by fire, while I was at the Folly, and a pretty blaze she made of it—his flag captain, then, was Captain George Grey—a smart and gallant officer.—I dare say he still continues with him.—Admiral Fluke hints, that Sir John Jervis supersedes Hotham, in consequence of some representations made to the admiralty by the Duke of Clarence.

Such, as far as regards the grand movements of the war, have been the results of this year, but what, after all, do these little nothings make?—Who will remember them to-morrow?—Hotham has had as good an opportunity as Howe, but no first of June will be mentioned with his name.—Courage is good in a subordinate, but tame in a commander-in-chief; for the last it must be energy and daring—tempered by that prudence which is the result of knowledge.—Well, well, so much the better for us: your fleets must be destroyed, Monsieur—You know they must—and Johnny Jervis is the man for you.

—Poorly, however, as we have performed in the more sublime parts of the glorious drama, we

has fallen into our hands. This colony surrendered in the beginning of September, to our combined forces, under my old commander, Sir George Keith Elphinstone, and General Sir Alured Clarke. In the East Indies, also, little has been doing, since very little fighting sufficed to put into our keeping, every colony and settlement that once belonged to the Dutch.—Here, then, good night to ninety-five.—So may old England's flag, still wave victorious wherever it appears!

END OF VOL. II.

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